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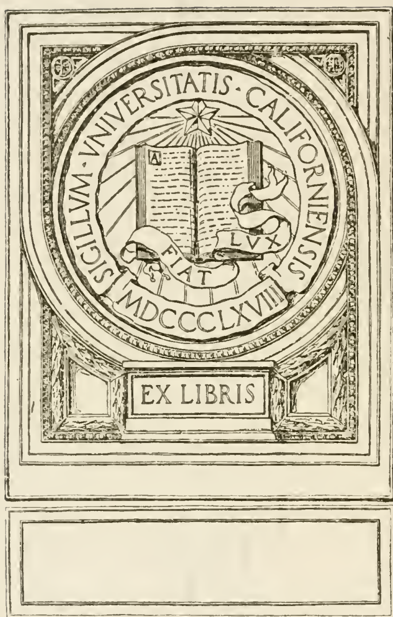
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205 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE

CANADA . . . THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
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BARNES POOL BRIDGE, BALDWIN'S SHORE, AND UPPER CHAPEL

BALDWIN'S Bec just visible on the right, Rowland's sock-shop on the left.

ETON

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CHRISTOPHER · STONE

PUBLISHED BY A. & C. BLACK
SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.
1909

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TO MY TUTOR

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PREFACE

The following pages were written eighteen months ago to accompany some pictures of Eton by Mr John Fulleylove, R.I.; but the lamentable death of that distinguished artist caused a postponement of the publication and a search for another illustrator. Luckily Miss Brinton was at hand, and her intimate knowledge of Eton gives her work an interest which cannot possibly be attained by a mere visitor. When I speak of Miss Brinton as an illustrator, I wish to imply that her pictures are illustrations not of my text, but of the daily life and environment of Eton boys; and in the same manner I have attempted, in a haphazard and amateurish way, to illustrate what to me is the spirit of Eton, rather than to embark upon any historical, biographical, or educational voyage. With this purpose in my mind I have not scrupled to borrow freely from the many books about Eton, which it has been my delight to read. Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte, Mr A. C. Benson, and Mr Wasey Sterry have been my biggest creditors, with Mr R. A. Austen Leigh's most succinct *Guide to*

Eton College, and his invaluable reprint of Eton documents and collection of materials for future historians in the numbers of *Etoniana;* and these led me further afield to the smaller volumes of memoirs, Blake, Wilkinson, Tucker, Green, A. D. Coleridge, the *Etoniana* of 1861, the old magazines, etc.; to which list I must add Mr Gambier Parry's *Annals of an Eton House*, and Mr Logan Pearsall Smith's *Life of Sir Henry Wotton.* On another page I acknowledge my gratitude to Mr H. E. Luxmoore, who with unfailing care and discretion corrected the proofs; and I am glad of an opportunity for thanking Mr E. L. Vaughan, Mr E. W. Stone, and Mr T. Balston for the loan of books and for excellent advice.

But my chief debt is to my Father, who has not only contributed two chapters to the book, but has helped me on almost every page that I have written, with detailed information and temperate suggestions. If Eton means anything to me, or if I have managed to express in these pages any of the glory in it and devotion to it that I feel, I owe those sentiments to him and to my tutor above all others.

Miss Brinton wishes me to express her gratitude to all those who have helped her by the loan of pictures or by advice.

C. S.

WITLEY, 1*st August* 1909.

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Sketch Plan at end of Volume

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

ETON

CHAPTER I

ETON

If the Thames, fairest of rivers, in its prehistoric moments of indecision had, instead of altering its channel (which it evidently did on one or two occasions), resolved to divide its forces and to maintain the stream which used to flow under arches and across the Dorney Road to join Jordan by the fives-courts, as well as the new but now familiar course under Windsor Bridge, Eton would have been on an island, the drawbridges might have been raised at the beginning of each schooltime—no motor cars, no motor bus could have disturbed us; watermen in the old azure livery would be patrolling the banks to sink all excursion steamers and parental launches; the old wharf in the playing-fields would still exist; and the wet-bobs would find the circuit of the school sufficient exercise for an afternoon. How simple it would be: how few benefits we should lose! Salt Hill is a thing of the past, Agar's Plough of the future. The Eton College Hunt would disappear, or else return to

"hunting the ram" in the playing-fields, or to the rat-hunts which Porson loved in Long Chamber. All the unnecessary houses in the High Street would be demolished to make room for more playing-fields; a few old-established shops would be spared, the College Brewery reinstituted; or possibly the Memorial Hall made into the Eton School Stores. And the excitement of breaking bounds would be much enhanced by the surreptitious swim from bank to bank.

But this is all dreaming: the Thames has made its bed and must flow in it. And here lies Eton, twenty-two miles from Hyde Park Corner, under the shadow of Windsor Castle, for all the world to see. There has even been talk of building a motor road from London to Slough, and soon, no doubt, we shall have electric trams from the Burning Bush to Piccadilly Circus. And yet, in a way, there is something picturesque in the continuous rush of motor cars; it is a revival. Between the end of the coaching days and the beginning of the "benzine buggies"—O wonderful Americans! I thank you for the synonym—Eton was almost in a backwater. But now we emulate in our feeble way the crowding, bustling, shouting, gross, exhilarating scenes which used to take place outside the Christopher, when Thumwood's or Lillywhite's coach stopped to put down passengers. But the cars do not stand throbbing outside the inn; for after more than three hundred years of activity it succumbed to the reform-

THE OLD BREWHOUSE YARD

ON the left, the archway into the Schoolyard; in front, part of the Provost's Lodge; Lupton's Tower above. The grey slate roof is that of College Hall; and the edge of the original stone wall shows that the building was left unfinished in 1450, for no apparent reason. On the right is the old Brewhouse, now used as a choir school; the date 1714 is on the water-pipes.

ing movement of the forties; and now there is barely a handrail left on which to hang memories of the time when the Christopher was thronged on market days with farmers, drovers, pedlars, and recruiting sergeants; when we must "add to this the noise made by criers of news—men with long red coats and post-horns—who, alighting from the coaches on days when there was any stirring intelligence from town, would spread about, blowing fierce blasts, and offering their special editions of the *Times* or *Morning Chronicle* at a shilling apiece"; when Horace Walpole—most devoted of old Etonians—sat upstairs hearing "the clock strike the old cracked sound," and watching with envy "a dame over the way, that has just locked in her boarders, and is going to sit down in a little hot parlour to a very bad supper, so comfortably"; when Shelley stole the great gilded bunch of grapes from the tempting sign of the Christopher, and hung it in front of Keate's door, so that the little man ran into it when he hurried out to school the next morning; when Kendall, an Old Etonian, reigned there, in the eighteenth century, and, later on, Garraway and Jack Knight; and when the Estaminet and the Oppidan Museum—the latter immortalised by Cruikshank—met in the Christopher and discussed bowls of "bishop." There are several pictures of the old inn which give some idea of its position in the cobbled street, with lower houses on each side of it and Shurey's opposite, where George Canning boarded, and the Gladstones, and the late

Lord Salisbury. The ever-memorable John Hales found a refuge in the inn when he was deprived of his fellowship for being a Royalist, and was there visited by Aubrey, who described him as "a prettie little man, sanguin, of a cheerful countenance, very gentele and courteous. I was received by him with much humanity; he was in a kind of violet-coloured cloathe gowne, with buttons and loopes (he wore not a black gowne), and was reading Thomas à Kempis." This was in 1655; and he died in the next year, aged seventy-two, and his tomb is visible on the other side of the road in the churchyard. There are many scenes which rise to mind at sight of the old gateway where Charlie Wise used to stand, and through which the members of Pop pass and repass: and not least vivid of them is the thought of William Johnson and his pupils hurrying from pupil-room to the gateway to watch the soldiers pass. "Boys! the British Army!" But this was of course in later days when the Christopher was no longer an inn.

It is easy to write glibly of Eton places and people after reading Mr R. A. Austen Leigh's *Illustrated Guide to the Buildings of Eton College;* but I wonder how many boys know the history even of their own boarding-house, or have troubled to trace the changes which have made it so ugly! Unless of course they live in one of the new houses, or in some building which has not suffered from the ravages of an improving hand. In my time certainly very few boys knew even the names of the houses—the titles

THE OLD CHRISTOPHER YARD

THE room now used by "Pop" is set back under the pillars. A member of "Pop" is talking over the balustrade. Remains of the old hand-rail are seen over the arch; through the arch the street, and the beginning of Long Wall; on the left, part of Hodgson House.

were hardly fixed upon then—or could have answered a simple examination paper on Eton topography. Where are the Hop-Garden, Trotman's Gardens, Swell's Corner, Philippi, and Mother Hatton's, for instance? When once you leave the security of School Yard you are in a place where nothing is sacred, nothing safe from the hand of the demolisher and rebuilder—not even the architectural monstrosities. Wolley Dod's vanished in the common ruin with Drury's, only to reveal the hitherto unsuspected baldness of the Manor-house. There is more work of this sort to be done; let those, whose martyrdom it is to order these things, seize their chance, like dentists, while Eton is still stupefied by the loss of the little low white houses where Pop was cradled in Mother Hatton's upper room, and Ben Drury construed to his pupils so eloquently that strangers crowded to the windows to listen. Let them uproot Gulliver's and St Christopher's and Baldwin Shore and Stone's and Weston's and Savile House, and let them build upon those valuable sites "handsome" houses with pipes and iron staircases, instead of creepers, on the walls. And even so, Keate's Lane with its beautiful curve and the vestiges of older houses will be an eyesore to remind them of what they have spared. It would be ridiculous to suppose that the sacrifices are made without much regret; the old houses must go, and the growth of the school and of parent's demands must be met by an increasingly practical attitude on the part of the

authorities. And, after all, there is evidence to show that a new and discriminating spirit is at work, anxious to spare whatever is beautiful and to correct whatever is hideous.

For one moment consider the front of the College as it was a century ago. Stand with your back to the entrance to School Yard, and, looking across to Cock Close, sweep away everything which offends the eye. The Christopher—now hardly noticeable in the line of house-fronts—you imagine, as it is in the old drawings, outstanding and dominating the cobbled road with its huge sign. Hodgson House, Spottiswoode's, and Little Brown's are replaced by two-storeyed white houses, in which—I pay no attention to exact dates—live Jack Smith, the barber, and, next to him, Williams, the school printer (old-fashioned masters still so call Spottiswoode's, or are just beginning to call it Drake's). The corner house you need only alter by removing its ungainly top-storey; and imagine the prosperous Priors living there. The fun begins when you turn to the other side of Keate's Lane; away at one fell sweep go all the buildings as far as the Manor-house—isn't it a relief?—and in their place you may fancy (or, better still, look in Mr Austen Leigh's *Guide*, p. 155, and see for yourself) three-storeyed houses with delightfully irregular fronts and little porticoes, in which were Fowler's sock-shop, Merrick's, and "Tallow" Weight's groceries; beyond them Trigg the carpenter had his yard, and then, on the site of the

COMMON LANE HOUSE

ONCE the Holts'. Common Lane on the right, and on the extreme right part of the New Schools.

Memorial Hall, the low white cottages which nearly every Etonian can remember: the first belonged, somewhat later, to Major William Hexter, J.P., the drawing-master, the second to Miss Hatton. The Manor-house stood as it now stands, but plastered over, I hope;[1] and the Holts' little house (now Stone's) is, from the front view, unchanged. Instead of the New Schools you can imagine a long high brick wall, behind which was Bethell's house, where Shelley boarded. A few trees only remain to mark the site of the garden, and at the corner opposite the entrance to Weston's Yard was Spiers, the sock-shop, where Shelley ate memorable brown bread and butter, and admired "the beautiful Martha," both instances of his simple tastes. The only other differences worth noticing are that instead of Mr Gaffney's house and the gateway over the entrance to Weston's Yard, there stood, a hundred years ago, the provost's stables and a plain low arch. The limes were about fifty years old. Upper School, Long Wall, and the west end of the Chapel are unchanged except for the recent addition of the Waynflete memorial; but in place of the iron railings, there was a high brick wall in front of the churchyard.

It would have been more entertaining perhaps to have begun this chapter after the manner of Mr Belloc in his book on Paris, with a map of Eton in prehistoric

[1] It has been pointed out to me that the brick chimneys were stuccoed at the same moment as the stucco was stripped from the rest of the house, a few years ago!

days, represented by a swamp and little else. From this cheerful beginning we might have proceeded to a description of Eton as it might have been if the Founder's plans had been executed, with the nave of the chapel stretching across into Keate's Lane, with a school yard containing cloisters and a graveyard, with the present cloisters enlarged out of all recognition, and entered from the north through a gateway under an enormous tower; and with the whole of the buildings raised, like the chapel, out of reach of floods. But when the time came for tracing the actual growth of the school buildings, difficulties would have arisen; dates innumerable would be introduced to support inaccurate views on disputed questions; amusing quotations from the early building accounts (preserved in the Fellows' Library) would be more than counterbalanced by tiresome digressions on the curious evidences of the incompleteness of the Hall, and on the gradual growth of the cloisters to make room for the Fellows' wives and for the library. Our ancestors had a very simple method of enlarging the capacities of the school: they built an extra storey on the top of all the houses. By way of reaction or protest we have gone to the other extreme, and instead of placing the upper part of the Memorial Hall above the lower, we have laid the two halves side by side. It is certainly the safer plan of the two. The north and east sides of the cloisters were raised by a storey in the middle of the eighteenth century, not long after the southern

gallery had been pulled down to make room for the library, and the little walls and heavy railings had been put between the arches; and the recent removal of plaster from the walls has been far more satisfactory than the similar treatment of the Manor-house. The intricate history of the "Green Yard," as it was called, may be left to those for whom it is not intricate; and we may be thankful that it has been spared in the main conditions of its beauty and charm for five hundred and fifty years. That beauty and that charm are irresistible; they seem to me, those cool, quiet cloisters round which we used to run after supper on winter evenings, like some intimate and essential part of Eton life—that part which is not flaunting, becoloured, lounging, chattering Youth, with all its wild hopes and frail endeavours, not the school of athletes and politicians and guardsmen, but the College, the home of wisdom and piety, where Time is content to fold his wings; in the grave figures which live or have lived within those mysterious precincts you may see personified the spirit of old learning and sobriety; and in the black gowns of the scholars as they troop to hall under the echoing archway, you may recognise a symbol of gentle education; and you may feel that the spirit of the Founder is very present in his cloisters. There is an immeasurable gulf between the gallery or the library—what magic lies in your footfall, or in the sound of the door opening as you enter?—and, for instance, New Schools. And the vice-provost will tell

you that it is so immeasurable that very few boys ever find their way across it.

In Eton there are two streams flowing along one channel—the school and the College: and it is easy to lay too much or too little stress upon this fact. The disappearance of the old class of Fellows is only a link in the chain with which the Oppidans have hemmed in the College. Now the school may be said to be managed for the benefit of the Oppidans; and the King's Scholars are, as in many Oxford and Cambridge colleges, regarded as a small leaven of learning to raise the intellectual surface of the school above that of other schools. There are then two tenable positions — the romantic attitude, and the practical. You may think of College as the stronghold of scholarship: we of to-day are the direct inheritors of the twenty-five poor and indigent scholars for whom our Founder made provision; the tradition is unbroken from that day to this in our "little clan"; and in spite of New Buildings and a Master in College, and various curtailments of our independence, we are the centre and essence of Eton; our privileges as well as our duties must be jealously and piously guarded.

It is a picturesque idea which should be fairly impressed upon the mind of each boy when he kneels before the provost newly gowned, and hears the words of admission to the Foundation. And, since we have now come back to the Fellows' Library where this ceremony takes place, I will

leave my digression till an opportunity arises for putting forward the "practical" attitude towards College, and for resuming the discussion under a more appropriate chapter-heading.

For, if I have made my meaning at all clear, it is obvious that Eton is a place of digressions; the flimsiest association of ideas sends you off on a new track, and, if you are wise, you will make no attempt to check your vagrant thoughts. You will digress, and trust to luck for some turn of your course which will bring you back, breathless and bewildered, to your starting-point. For instance, let me lead you out of the Fellows' Library, where you have no doubt been wandering since the beginning of the last paragraph, among the book-shelves and glass cases, looking at the folio Shakespeares, the Caxtons, and the Ralph Roister Doister which positively found its own way to its home, and the Charters, and the absurd model of the chapel, and the Reynolds engravings, and the little collection of old Eton school-books which you may light upon by chance —let me lead you out, I say, into School Yard, and make you stand in front of the steps of the north porch of the chapel. The origin of the Eton fives-court—yes, certainly; but mark closely how your thoughts wander at the sight. The fives-court, but not really much like the present model; what a slope! and what cracks in the pavement: like the old courts where we used to play when we learned the game; on the site of Trotman's Gardens, where

Gladstone used to go to practise the speeches he was to make in Pop. Gladstone—Pop—you are off at a tangent. Back again to chapel. The boys used to play fives here when they were supposed to be up in the "Cock-loft" or "Black Hole" above Chambers, where Knapp taught the whole Remove, over a hundred boys, in a tiny room, packed from floor to ceiling with obstreperous boys—a thing too deep for tiers, you would have thought—and a crowd of those who could find no seats standing round the door; and they used to slip out into School Yard to play fives or marbles, and if Knapp called them up to construe, they were summoned back by a whistle from a sentry—up the narrow stairs panting and clattering—bursting through the crowd at the door to spout Homer or Virgil with all the assumption of serene industry that lay in their power. Fancy playing marbles in School Yard (or on the steps of Queen's College, Oxford, for that matter). But they did; you can see it in the old pictures. And bowl hoops too. Mr H. C. Blake in his *Reminiscences* speaks of "a little skirmishing with some Oppidans at hoops, a favourite and healthy sport in the autumn and winter season, in the school yard and cloisters; and in the exercise of which some pretty hard blows arise." But then of course you must remember that there were no cobbles till 1707, and the paths across the yard were better, if less artistically, arranged, as you may see if you look at Loggan's view. The cost

THE SCHOOLYARD, CHAPEL STEPS, AND LUPTON'S TOWER

THROUGH the archway are the Cloisters. The oriel window in the centre is Election Hall. The Founder's Statue is on the left, in the centre of the Schoolyard. The doorway on the extreme left belongs to the Master in College.

of shoe leather to poor and indigent scholars, due to the journey from Fourth Form Passage to the porter's lodge, must be immense; enough to repave School Yard a hundred times, or to pay for the upkeep of the strange and gorgeous flower-beds which R. A. K. suggested in his possibly immortal poem. But, heavens, where are we? Talking of the original fives-court, to be sure.

Soon after the paving of School Yard the statue of the Founder was placed in the centre by Provost Godolphin; and for nearly two hundred years it has presided over the school, unviolated save for an occasional top-hat recklessly flung over the railings which guard it, and for Mr Jesse's famous rape of the sceptre in Ascot Week, 1837, when public feeling, ready enough to condone the abduction of the block in the previous year by the same trophy-hunter, insisted on the restoration of the sceptre. The bronze statue has grown black with age; so much so, that a diminutive member of a great Eton family, taught from his earliest infancy to take off his hat when passing the Founder—Mr Austen Leigh, by the way, records the tradition that it should always be passed on the right-hand side—observing a negro in Windsor one morning, exclaimed "Founder," and performed the usual salutation from his perambulator.

If there is one thing more than another which seems to be an immemorial part of Eton life, it is the chapel bell, with its exact ten minutes of gloomy warning

before every service, though at the last moment its severity relaxes and it breaks into a gentle run. The thought of it must often come to Etonians when they are far from the sound of its summons; or, as has often happened to me, the tolling of another bell of the same note—there is one hidden somewhere among the hundred belfries of Oxford—has brought to the mind a clear and startling memory of chapel days at Eton, of Long Wall and the West End, and the hurried rush of the latest comers up the stairs and past the little group of waiting Fellows: or, still more often, oddly enough, it brings back a thought of twilight winter evenings, when the tolling for afternoon chapel is a message of imminent lock-up to the boys, who hurry through the dusk. The melancholy booming of the chapel bell, like our black tail-coats or jackets, seems to remind us that we are in mourning for some desolate and unforgotten monarch. No less intimate a part of Eton is the chime of the College clock in Lupton's Tower, which you must bear in mind was, till 1765, in the space between the two easternmost buttresses of the north side of the chapel, close to the ground. The old cracked sound has been familiar to Eton ears ever since; and little Collegers during their first nights in Chamber have lain awake, while Morpheus has charmed them in vain between the striking of the quarters. And while we are on the subject of clocks let us not forget the ingenious motto on the clock which the late Lower Master gave to the new pavilion on

Agar's Plough—how wonderfully mellowed in a few years!—*maturum reditum pollicitus redi.*

This rapid mellowing of the pavilion which was such an eyesore when it burst upon the view of wanderers on the illimitable prairie of a few years ago, suggests the gratifying thought that in another fifty years our grandsons will enjoy an Eton full of dignified and venerable buildings "bosomed high" in a new generation of "tufted trees." From the stately mansions on the Dorney Road, with a glance at the mature beauties of Queen's School, they will go past the crazy tenements which enclose Keate's Lane, to issue upon the sober antiquity of Waynflete's monument and Upper School; and leaving the noble grandeur of the Memorial Hall on their left they will enter the grave and possibly decrepit precincts of New Schools, that classical relic of Mid-Victorian architecture. Agar's Plough will be a Persian paradise; the shady cricket-fields—too shady, the cricket-masters will say—will be surrounded by the motor track running through stately avenues along the entire circuit of the splendid park—can't you hear the motors

Streaming round
Alive, and dazzling *hot*, and with a sound,
Haply, like dolphin tumults?

But for the present—and if I repeat this complaint too often, it is only the natural prompting of an ingenuous mind—we are in a forlorn condition; we see perpetual change in all around, but, alas, very

little decay; even we of the youngest generation have good cause to weep for glories which are replaced before they have time to fade; and a certain morbidity of contemplation can hardly be regarded as abnormal. Still it must be admitted that the ordinary Eton boy is not deeply affected by his architectural environment; his æsthetic taste is rarely brought into use, and the tenderest memories of his school life will in all probability be connected with some outrageously ugly corner of Eton, just as Lord Rosebery, in a fantastic mood, declared that if his heart were examined he was not sure that "the name of 'Drury' and 'Wolley Dod'—the frail fabric of Drury's and the substantial structure of Wolley Dod's—would not be found graven thereon": so true is it that good things and bad are indistinguishably mingled in our minds. And it is a notorious fact that you find no difficulty in breathing ordinarily till you begin to think about it, to calculate your respirations with a critical mind, and to be conscious of the action of your lungs: then at once you are almost choked by the irregularity of your breathings. I need labour the metaphor no further.

After this digression let us go back to School Yard, the scene of innumerable absences, of gala days, Montem and Fourth of June, when fashion and beauty have graced the revels, and the old quadrangle has been gay with a riot of gallant and fanciful costumes; or on those few but most memorable nights when the Head Master from the

chapel steps has addressed the whole school; the dark figures and white faces lit up by the glaring, flickering light from a thousand torches, which not an hour since gleamed under the walls of Windsor Castle. Those chapel steps were built in 1694, at the same time as the entrance to the ante-chapel and Upper School—the staircase up which boys on their promotion from Lower to Upper School had to run the gauntlet of their fellows and to be "booked"—and this was the first of the many changes which took place in chapel at that period. It must be borne in mind that till 1665 the west side of School Yard was bounded by a wall with an entrance in the middle; and that Provost Allestree's building on the site was found to be unsafe, and replaced in 1694 by the present Upper School—then called New School—of which there will be more to say hereafter.

Of the chapel itself there is little, or much, to be said. The history of it has been traced with all possible care by those who have written about Eton; and as historical accuracy is as far removed from my inclination as from my power, I will leave the tale untold. The interior of the building must be loved more for its associations than for its intrinsic beauty. It contains in a remarkable way a sort of visible index to the various phases of Eton life and character; here are recorded in different forms the memories of old Etonians, and apart from the statues, monuments, and inscriptions (there are over two hundred brasses), the whole chapel is instinct

with the thought of all the boys—fifty thousand perhaps—who have attended daily services in it. How few of them have ever paused to examine the inscriptions in the ante-chapel! In another chapter there will be many an opportunity for referring to the provosts and fellows and boys who are commemorated within these walls. But at present we are concerned only with the fabric, and must choose a quiet day for our contemplation. I like to think of the chapel as only the choir of a great church, to which pilgrims might have come at the Feast of the Assumption to obtain plenary indulgences, and to support the building expenses of the College with their offerings. Pilgrims indeed came, but their offerings did not cover the cost of their entertainment; and the church was never finished, because the triumphs of the Yorkists left the College in a parlous condition, and, but for the valiant efforts of Provost Westbury, would have led to its total abolition. I like to think of the services held while the choir was being built, under a tent protecting the high altar at which Bekyngton had celebrated his first mass as Bishop of Bath and Wells on 13th November 1443; of our Founder walking down from the castle—with shaven head, perhaps, and the newly invented *chapeau de castor*, which you may see in a contemporary portrait of the King of France by Jean Fouquet in the Louvre—to hear the services in his "closet" or "pue" with his Queen, and after Mass going round the College with the provost and

UPPER CHAPEL

EAST window by Willement; a subscription was raised among the boys to place it there in 1844 to 1849. The east end has been recently altered; the tapestry, designed by Burne-Jones, executed by William Morris, and presented by H. E. Luxmoore, a replica of that in Exeter College Chapel at Oxford, being placed over the enlarged altar. The seats on the gangway are popularly known as the "knife-board."

master, and altering his mind about the plans, I dare say, at every visit; with a kind and princely word for every little scholar and every decrepit almsman. Few things are finer than the struggle by which the College won security for its children; some especial providence seems to have protected it, and though the Founder's plans were set aside and never completed, the Eton which grew up round his buildings is the essential realisation of his ideals. For some years after his death the exquisite fabric of the choir stood waiting for the nave, which would have completed a church equal to Lincoln Cathedral in most of its measurements: and in 1469 or thereabouts, by the bounty of William Waynflete, the present antechapel was built with some of the Headington stone which he had ordered for Magdalen; and if it had not been refaced with Bath stone thirty years ago, the west end of chapel would look very much like the peeling exterior of the Oxford College. For about two hundred and thirty years there were no great changes made, at least to the structure; but the screen, placed where the present organ-loft is, was removed at about same time as the wonderful frescoes along the north and east walls above the low stalls, which were "wiped out" by the barber for 6s. 8d. in 1560; and it is perhaps due to his imperfect conception of the difference between wiping out and lathering, that so much of the frescoes was left to be revealed in 1847 and copied by Mr R. H. Essex, whose pencil drawings, beautifully executed in the

respite between the hardly arrested demolition of the paintings by zealous workmen and their re-entombment behind the present stalls, have lately been edited by the Provost of King's. Barely a trace of these frescoes is visible now; and of the four altars which stood in the ante-chapel, only the niches above those of St Catharine and St Nicholas show their original positions. Half a century after the condemnation of the frescoes and rood-loft, the stone steps of the south door were built (instead of wooden stairs), four wooden benches were placed in the ante-chapel by Thomas Weaver, a Fellow, for the use of the townsfolk—you may still see some of the seats—and the service bell, to which I have already referred, was hung in 1637. It must be remembered that when the original parish church, which stood on the present chapel graveyard, was abolished, the townsfolk used the College Chapel, and it was only in 1852 that the Church of St John was built in the High Street.

It was not till about 1700 that important alterations were made; the two northern entrances I have mentioned, and when they were finished, the inside of the chapel was thoroughly Jacobeanised: a great carved wooden reredos stretched up above the lower lights of the east window; a new roof was constructed, and a wooden organ-loft built across the middle of the chapel, with five steps downwards on the western side. Moreover the new stalls and panelling rose to the bottom of the windows along

the whole length of the building, and blocked the entrance of Lupton's Chapel. Many experiments have been tried with the organ and the pulpit, the latter reaching its present position in the middle of last century, the former not till 1882.

Of the Gothic restoration of the forties, which left the chapel very much as we see it to-day, I prefer to say nothing. Those who have prayed in it during all their school life, who have heard some great chant or favourite hymn sung by six hundred boys' voices in unison, or have seen the sunlight streaming through the west window above the organ on Sunday afternoons, and listened to the cooing of doves on the window ledges outside, will be ready to forget whatever else may have threatened to disturb the splendid serenity of those memories.

CHAPTER II

ETONIANA

THE rapidity with which small details of Eton life vanish in the stream of progress, points to a conclusion very different from that favourite metaphor of Bacon's about the light things which float on the surface, the heavy things which sink to the bottom; but, as every scribbler knows, you can extract any moral you like from the simile of the river. Take, for instance, a spot familiar to every Eton boy, School Office. It is the hub of Eton—hubbub would be as good a description—the place where the machinery of the school is kept: it pulses all day long as fast as the organ-engine under the stairs at chapel time; and what astonishes the casual inquirer at the little window is not that he finds it hard to attract anybody's attention to his wants, but that the gods within ever find time to listen to him and his trifling prayers. Ten years ago and less, the whole of the school office business was transacted in that tiny little room; and moreover you could hardly turn round inside because of books—books in rows and stacks which had been impounded and which could

be reclaimed or bought for a few pence. What a boon the "pound" is to impecunious boys who have lost their Horaces or can't afford to buy a new Gradus; it is one of the most successful of all Eton institutions. Ten years ago, Mr Gaffney—without a beard in those days!—presided in this chaos of papers and books. To-day all is clean and orderly: the next room has been added, the books have been moved into it, into great broad shelves; there is ample room for the small staff to move round and for the typewriter to stretch his legs. And if you stand in the original room, you can hardly believe that so many things were contained in it a few years ago. But throw a thought back another fifty years; then this identical hovel was a school-room, there were benches right up to the ceiling, and the presiding master was often obliged to sit at or outside the doorway, because the floor space was entirely hidden by huddling boys. The whole thing is almost incredible. It involves an entirely different system of teaching; it forbids all possibility of writing in school, and when you add to these discomforts the thought that illumination was only by candles, which had to be snuffed periodically, the imagination begins to play furiously round those days of turbulent and summary discipline. Or, think of Upper School, where four hundred boys were taught simultaneously—you know Ackermann's picture of it—of Dr Davies being driven from the room by a mutinous crowd, or Keate being pelted with rotten eggs, or vaulting into his desk (which

had been nailed up), with so disastrous and ludicrous an effect on his dignity. And still parents complain of our cramped accommodation.

In that mine of interesting information, the ten numbers of *Etoniana* which Mr Austen Leigh of the College Press has lately edited, may be found some of the materials from which Eton historians have drawn their descriptions of the school routine at earlier periods. I refer especially to Malim's *Consuetudinarium* (c. 1560); to *An Account of Eton Discipline in* 1766, by Thomas James; to the *Nugæ Etonenses* of the same date but of very different intent; and to Cox's description of the Eton curriculum in 1530, lately identified by Mr A. F. Leach.

This last begins with a list of all the work done in the school, Æsop,[1] Terence, Horace, Cicero, Virgil, and so on; but no Greek had been introduced at this date. Then follow some delightful notes which must be quoted at length.

"They come to schole at vj. of the clok in the mornyng. They say Deus misereatur, with a colecte; at ix. they say De profundis and go to brekefaste. Within a quarter of an howere cum ageyne, and tary [till] xj. and then to dyner; at v. to soper, afore an antheme and De profundis.

"Two prepositores in every forme, whiche doth give in a schrowe the absentes namys at any lecture, and shewith when and at what tyme both in the fore none for the tyme past and at v.

[1] Presumably in a Latin translation.

"Also ij. prepositores in the body of the chirche, ij. in the gwere for spekyng of Laten in the third forme and all other, every one a custos, and in every howse a monytor.

"When they goe home, ij. and ij. in order, a monitor to se that they do soe tyll they come at there hostise dore. Also prevy monytores how many the master wylle. Prepositores in the feld whan they play, for fyghtyng, rent clothes, blew eyes, or siche like.

"Prepositores for yll kept hedys, unwasshid facys, fowle clothes, and sich other. Yff there be iiij. or v. in a howse, monytores for chydyng and for Laten spekyng.

"When any dothe come newe, the master dothe inquire fro whens he comyth, what frendys he hathe, whether there be any plage. No man gothe owte off the schole nother home to his frendes without the masteres lycence. Yff there be any dullard, the master gyvith his frends warnyng, and puttyth hym away, that he sclander not the schole."

This is in many ways a delightful parody of the present system, and of course immensely interesting from the historical point of view. You notice that there were evidently several dames with a few boarders; that the system of præpostors has clearly been simplified in the course of years, though the idea of making the elder boys responsible for the behaviour of the rest is essential to Eton discipline. Notice also, as Mr Austen Leigh points out, the apparent origin of the Keepers of the Field; though

to be sure the modern keeper has other duties besides the superintendence of fighting, torn clothes, and blue eyes. We get mention of games in another manuscript of about 1670, when we are told that the boys "were obliged to go to exercise in the fields at skittles, etc., till one o'clock." A century later we can supplement this account of games from the *Nugæ Etonenses*, a most entertaining manuscript, which contains lists of every conceivable thing at Eton from masters to "remarkable occurrences." Under the heading of games the author records:—"Cricket, Fives, Shirking Walls, Scrambling Walls, Bally-cally, Battledores, Pegtop, Peg in the ring, Goals, Hopscotch, Heading, Conquering Lobs, Hoops, Marbles, Trap-ball, Steal-baggage, Puss in the Corner, Cat-gallows, Kites, Cloyster and Flyer Gigs, Tops, Humming Tops, Hunt the Hare, Hunt the dark lanthorn, Chuck, Sinks, Store-caps, Hustle-cap." I cannot pause to attempt an explanation of these obscurities; but I draw attention to the omission of football from the list, though it is inserted in a duplicate copy of the *Nugæ*. This game was regarded with suspicion till the third decade of the last century, though to be sure it is mentioned in Gray's *Distant Prospect*, together with rowing, cricket, and "toodling." Mr Blake in his *Reminiscences* (1831) speaks of it as a favourite game among Etonians, but one played with great violence, and resulting often in a free fight; and he ends with these ominous words: "I cannot consider the game of football as being at all gentle-

manly. It is a game which the common people of Yorkshire are particularly partial to, the tips of their shoes being heavily shod with iron; and frequently death has been known to ensue, from the severity of the blows inflicted thereby."

But I shall treat of fighting and blue eyes more appropriately in another chapter; and will now return to the more sober subject of the curriculum, and to Malim's *Consuetudinarium*, which was written in Latin by the Head Master, William Malim, for the Royal Commissioners who visited Eton in 1571. There are many famous passages in it, well known to Etonians, since Maxwell Lyte treated the subject in his eighth chapter: and I can only find space for a few quotations. On the 1st January the boys wrote verses "for good luck," and sent them to the Provost or Head Master, or else one to another, to and fro. "About the festival of the Conversion of Saint Paul, at nine o'clock on a day chosen by the Master, in the accustomed manner in which they go to collect nuts in September, the boys go *ad montem*. The hill is a sacred spot according to the boyish religion of the Etonians; on account of the beauty of the country-side, the delicious grass, the cool shade of bowers, and the melodious chorus of birds, they make it a holy shrine for Apollo and the Muses, celebrate it in songs, call it Tempe, and extol it above Helicon. Here the novices or new boys, who have not yet submitted to blows in the Eton ranks manfully and stoutly for a whole year, are first seasoned with salt,

and then separately described in little poems which must be as salted and graceful as possible. Next, they make epigrams against the new boys, one vying with another to surpass in all elegance of speech and in witticisms. Whatever comes to the lips may be uttered freely so long as it is in Latin, courteous, and free from scurrility. Finally they wet their faces and cheeks with salt tears, and then at last they are initiated in the rites of the veterans. Ovations follow, and little triumphs, and they rejoice in good earnest because their labours are past, and because they are admitted to the society of such pleasant comrades. These things finished they turn home at five o'clock and after dinner play till eight."

What a delightful picture it is, apart from its historical significance. Poor little new boys, I am sure they really enjoyed it all very much, and if the veterans were not bullies, it may have been a very exciting ceremony; but what a pathetic touch that *lachrimis salsis humectant ora genasque* is! I am afraid it cannot be a misprint: and yet I do not like to think that at the end of all the joking and the verse-making the new boys were obliged to cry; I hope it is a metaphor or symbol or something. Maxwell Lyte, of course, traces all the later ceremonies foreshadowed in this passage of Malim—the insistence on the *sal* whether actual or mystical; the suggestion of military organisation, the march to Salt Hill, and the exaction of tribute from *freshmen*. The glories, fantastic and extravagant, of the later

"Montems" have been described with vivid detail by those who were present at them, and who have lived to see Etonians content with the faded costumes of the Fourth of June wet-bobs, and the gay foison of waistcoats and button-holes on gala days. Of these things perhaps there will be more to say hereafter; but now I can only find room to remark that till well within living memory, new Collegers, who were called Jews, were obliged to perform several rites of initiation, the least unpleasant of which were to drink Dom Pedro's health in salt and water—salt again, you observe—and to pass through the fire to Moloch.

Malim mentions that on Shrove Tuesday the boys wrote verses, of all sorts, of all metres, in praise or abuse of Bacchus, and the copies of the seventh, sixth, and most of the fifth, forms were hung up on the inner doors of the College. This peculiar custom of "Bacchus verses" lasted till the nineteenth century, though the subject was exhausted and other themes substituted; and it is impossible to look at Porson's copy of verses preserved in School Library, or at the rows of nails above the panelling in Hall, from which the Bacchus verses were hung by coloured ribbons, without thinking of inquisitive Pepys visiting Eton at Shrovetide in 1665, and reading several of the rolls with great admiration. It seems a pity that the custom should not be revived.

Then follows a terse reference to a curious and

brutal ceremony: "up comes the cook, and nails up a pancake on a crow to the door of the School, according to the saying, When the young ravens call upon Him."

The references to religious practices appeal less nearly to our Protestant sympathies; but there is something very pretty in the idea of all the boys going to confession, and having four days set aside for the performance of their penances. And though it would be tedious to trace the minute observances during Holy Week in Malim's quaint phraseology, we may recall the fact that on Maundy Thursday "a certain number of pupils is chosen by the Master to receive the Holy Sacrament: those who have communicated, have breakfast at a table apart more lavishly at the expense of the College, and after breakfast they ask leave of the Master to go for a walk and to wander through the fields: he grants it readily, so long as they turn not aside to wine taverns and beershops." And on Good Friday the Head Master "spends an hour or two well" in making an address to the boys, especially the naughtier boys, on the nature and purposes of the Eucharist. On the following day the boys went to bed at seven, though an earlier custom of rising again at the third watch to commemorate the Lord's Death and the surpassing glory of the Resurrection with grateful thoughts, was obsolete even in Malim's days; and he records that while it flourished, three or four of the older schoolboys

were chosen by the Master, at the request of the *sacrorum aedilis*, to watch the sepulchre with tapers and lighted torches, *pro ceremonia*, "to prevent the Jews from stealing the Lord, or, rather, to prevent any damage owing to a careless attention to the lights." Here, again, is a picture which stamps itself on the imagination, the half-frozen boys in their long black gowns, crouching round the altar where the candles flickered and sank; and at the third watch the sound in the darkness of the poor and indigent scholars, heavy-eyed and thick-voiced, muttering their prayers, and tumbling back to bed again.

The next festival of importance is that of St Philip and St James, when May was ushered in at Eton, as at Magdalen—perhaps Waynflete had something to do with the matter—by special observances. "If the Master likes and if it has been fine weather, those who wish rise about four o'clock, to collect branches of May, so it be without wetting their feet; and then they decorate the windows of Chamber with green foliage, and scent the rooms with fragrant herbs. At this time they are allowed to describe the flowering sweetness of the springtime with verses actually written in English, as the fancy takes them; only they must quote in Latin something from Virgil, Ovid, Horace, or some good and famous poet." The decoration with green boughs at Election (July) continued till Long Chamber was broken up; and there is no reason why some enterprising Captain

of Chamber should not reinstitute so charming a custom, either on May Day — which rarely falls in the schooltime, however—or, better perhaps, on the Fourth of June, when old Etonians and relatives would enjoy the sight from School Yard and Weston's Yard.

But Malim's document has lessons for the authorities as well as for the boys, and it is with a strictly moral purpose that I am quoting so much that has already received the careful annotations of Maxwell Lyte and Sterry — to mention no others. For the benefit of Eton boys there are these picturesque records of simple and semi-pagan customs; for those in authority who delight in alterations of the time-table and the curriculum, there are many things which they may take to heart. But there are none more weighty or more wisely founded upon the very nature of boyhood than the words which follow those quoted above.

"John before the Latin Gate," says Malim, referring to 6th May, "brings with him many conveniences. For after dinner the boys go to sleep in school, until the Censor Aulae, and the Anagnostes come in. Then they shout 'Surgite,' everyone gets up at once; at three o'clock they go to 'bever'; after supper at seven there is play. The fame of this day is celebrated in the witty line,

Porta Latina pilam, pulvinar, pocula praestat.

'On the 21st, day of more blessed and happy

A CORNER OF WESTON'S YARD

THE archway on the right is the entrance into the playing-fields.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

memory, they pay due observance to our Lord and King Henry VI. Each boy is given twopence. On Ascension Day a holiday is given to the service of letters; they stop their lessons and relax their minds, and to those who are anxious to see their parents or the friends by whose bounty they are here supported in their schooling, leave to go away is allowed, on this condition that they return on the feast of Corpus Christi, or rather on the day before; and unless they are present that evening they are flogged. But those who absent themselves still longer from school, are altogether deprived of the privileges of the College."

In these days of scientific inquiry one may well ask whether it is not by some hereditary instinct, latent but inevitable, that Eton boys may always be seen asleep at 2.30 school in the summer half? Are stern and conscientious masters justified in their efforts to break through this habit, dating back as it does to the earliest years of the school? Are they not striking at the foundations of our scholastic liberties?

Is it not a sensible arrangement, too, by which a certain relaxation of school-work comes with the opening of the summer months, and that the holidays should come at a period when home is at its best and school most intolerable? In Malim's time, to be sure, the boys were less exacting in their demands for "leave," or the parents were less anxious to have the house full of loitering, idle sons. But the general principle of the thing, the midsummer holidays, the

strict rules about returning to Eton on the fixed day, and the consideration of climatic effects in the arrangement of school-work is, *mutatis mutandis*, worthy of support even to-day. And now that we have such long holidays, and have got into the habit of postponing all attention to holiday tasks till the last week, day, or hour, Malim's next words are worth quoting. He tells how the Head Master, before dismissing his "army" for the holidays, is accustomed to call the boys together and to hold a meeting, "in which he warns each of his duty, that they may the better behave themselves with good manners, remembering that it is most disgraceful for them to return empty from a college of most lettered men, tarnishing the reputation of the College and of the Master." This advice is often heard still; and Eton boys uphold the reputation of the College by the good manners and beautiful clothes with which they delight and astonish their adoring families.

"But, sir, have you not yet done with Mr Malim?" "Patience, madam; this would be a slovenly piece of writing, were I to break off at the beginning of June, and to leave the poor boys at their homes."

On the festivals of St John the Baptist (June 24) and St Peter (June 29), the boys used to stand by bonfires, erected at the east end of chapel, while three antiphons were chanted. Moreover they used to decorate their beds with divers pictures of divers things, and to compose songs about the life and acts of John, the Baptist and Forerunner, and to copy

them out neatly and to fix them on to the ends of their beds, to be read by the learned. On the translation of St Thomas à Becket they only had the bonfire. And it is to be feared—for I would not grudge these poor scholars any enjoyment whatever; nor would you, madam—that these bonfires were solemn affairs, regarded as religious ceremonies, and lacking all the recklessness and abandonment in virtue of which the undergraduate's eye brightens at the mention of "bonner." Still we will hope that, when the antiphons were ended, some undisciplined and delightful wretches dragged a bench out of Lower School and flung it on to the greedy pyre.

From a brief phrase occasionally recurring in the document—*verritur cubiculum*—it might be supposed that Long Chamber was only swept four times in the year. Perhaps this is so; but each boy swept the floor under his bed every morning, as we shall see. The custom of cleaning out Chamber thoroughly before Election survived—you have heard perhaps, madam, of "rug-riding"—for three centuries more. And much of the ceremony of Election—the journey of the provost and posers from King's, the cloister speech and the extra rations for Collegers—survived till within living memory. Malim says that notices of the Election was fixed on to the gates, seven weeks beforehand, "announcing that it was free to all boys of honest birth and good parts, apt and fit for the receiving of a good education, to come to the College of Eton, and to submit to the judgment of those

whose object it was that all the fittest boys from the whole of Britain should be admitted to Eton College." He adds that at Election time there were five half-holidays, if the *Epomis Cuculla Philosophica*—apparently the hood of the Philosopher's cloak—of the provost or the posers, was brought into hall.

The general relaxation of school-work, which has been alluded to before, came to an end at the beheading of St John the Baptist, 29th August. The autumn was at hand, and the days were closing in. This march of the seasons they celebrated—but the custom was obsolete in Malim's time—in a curious way. "On a certain fixed day in September, if the Masters thinks fit, the fullest leave for play is granted to the boys, and they go to collect filberts; and when they have come back home with their load, they give a share of their booty, as if it were something fine, to the Master, under whose auspices they undertook the expedition, and then they share the rest with the masters. But before permission to collect nuts is given, they make poems, describing the bounty and fruitful abundance of apple-bearing autumn, in manly wise; and moreover they bemoan and deplore the fatal cold of approaching winter, the hardest season of the year, in as mournful speech as possible; thus laying to heart from boyhood, the changefulness of all things, at this time they leave their nuts, as is said in the proverb, *i.e.*, forsaking childish lessons and trifles they turn to graver and more serious matters."

It will be observed that Malim lays great emphasis on the guidance of the boys' thoughts in connection with the religious or natural seasons of the year. At special times they were urged to think of special things. And so on all feast days, from October to Easter, "they listen to some passage from the Bible or sacred books, that from it they may learn to love holiness of life, and on the other hand to loathe utterly abandoned and profligate manners and wicked deeds." And on All Souls' Day, the boys were employed till two or three o'clock in listening to mournful passages and in composing sentences and poems "about the glory of the resurrection, the blessedness of souls, and the hope of immortality."

The vexed question of the Boy-Bishop is raised by Malim's mention of the election of an *Episcopus Nihilensis* on St Hugh's Day, 13th November; for, whether there were two Boy-Bishops or not, it is certain from Statute 31 that the Boy-Bishop performed the divine offices on St Nicholas' Day, 6th December. Anyhow this quaintly profane "performance" had been abolished in 1543, though it can hardly be doubted that the priest who mumbled sentences and was kicked down Salt Hill on later Montem days—till stopped by George III.'s Queen—was no other than a revival of the Boy-Bishop.

About St Andrew's Day, instead of a Wall match they had theatricals, apparently in Hall, generally Latin but sometimes English; and Malim, like most subsequent Head Masters, is at pains to excuse the

performances on the ground that they teach gesture and deportment as nothing else can. Here again is a custom which, with interruptions and failures innumerable, has been preserved at Eton, and is now, after a period of latency, being revived among the Oppidans. But we can claim nothing like the traditional Westminster play.

Our survey of the year must end with a melancholy tale; for it appears that though a holiday was granted from 20th December to the Epiphany, in which the boys were supposed to practise or learn to write, they went further: they challenged each other to write epigrams, poems, and even prose speeches, with such zeal, that the Head Master, who was hardly supposed to know anything of these contests, was often obliged to urge the too studious youth to mix more in the games of his fellows. It is to be hoped that Malim exaggerates the unhealthy state of the school; though we must plead guilty to a certain number of "saps" at the present day, who might well be kicked out into the playing-fields, yet not even at the height of the Limerick craze did the school, as a whole, throw itself into the zealous rivalry of composition.

Such in its main outlines was the course of school life during the year. Times have changed, but perhaps an account of the routine at the present day—the festivals, customs, and occupations—would sound just as strange and quaint to a non-Etonian reader. We owe a great deal to Malim for his

elaborate treatise, and there are very many interesting things which I have no time to mention. But as reference has already been made to præpostors in Richard Cox's document, it may be well to translate Malim's note on the subject. First, as to the "custos" mentioned by Cox, who says that there was one in every form, and a monitor in every house. The custos was not (as you imagined, madam, and hoped that your son might soon fill the post) a guardian or prefect, but a dunce: and "the custos appointed in all the divisions," says Malim, "is that boy who either speaks in English, or who cannot repeat any rule of those which he had learnt, perfectly, with the exception of three wrong words, when he is asked, or who, neglecting the method of writing correctly in orthography, has made three mistakes in his exercises." What is incredible is that there should have been only one dunce in each division.

"At Eton School," Malim continues, "four of the boys are appointed Præpostors. One 'moderator' of Hall, two of Chapel, four of the Playing-fields, four of Chamber, two of the Oppidans, and one of the untidy and dirty boys who do not wash face and hands, and behave themselves too untidily." It is not important to discuss the exact difference between præpostors and monitors; but in later times one might easily draw the line between official præpostors, who were the Head Master's aides-de-camp, or marked out the absent in school and chapel and College

prayers, and unofficial præpostors such as captains of chamber, tea-rooms, etc., in College, and all keepers of games throughout the school.

The next document from which I threatened to quote contains little which may fitly be introduced at this juncture. It is a most elaborate and meticulous account of the Eton routine—hours and lessons throughout the year—composed almost certainly by Thomas James, afterwards the famous Head Master of Rugby, when he was an Eton boy in 1766. Even at this period of his life he shows an unmistakable tendency to organisation, and confines himself almost entirely to a bald description of the books used—with sundry suggestions for improvement—and the manner of education, without supplying any information as to the customs prevalent in his time. We may notice however that holidays were at this date much the same as to-day, except that they were shorter—a month at Christmas, a fortnight at Easter, and the month of August—and that longer tasks, such as the turning of a chapter of Jeremiah into Latin verse, or the learning of four hundred lines of Virgil or Homer, were set. James refers to "Tryals," but not in a merely technical sense, and adds: "If Boys gain their Removes with honour, we have a good custom of rewarding each with a *Shilling* (if higher in the school, 2s. 6d.), which is given them by the Dames and placed to the Father's account." And again, "in order to encourage the industry of boys, the Master now and then gives a book to a boy, who

excels, and takes much pains with his exercise; this is a great help towards encouraging Diligence and Ambition. Sometimes a boy loses a place through idleness. The boys in the lower part of the School are encouraged in challenging each other for places. When this happens, the Master tries both, and judges of their performances and accordingly determines." Most tutors would be glad to go back to a time when every boy who did not actually disgrace himself did not confidently expect a book at the end of each half. The præpostor system had developed in James's time; and he significantly calls them "prepostors or monitors." There was one to each division, whose business it was to mark out names of absentees in school, chapel, and absence, and to get excuses where necessary from the dames: and these duties were of course altered only within the last ten years. The sixth form had then, as now, two præpostors, chosen weekly; but they were both Collegers. The upper præpostor called over the names at absence and, assisted by one or two of the other præpostors, attended floggings. He walked round the school to keep the boys quiet in two schools a day; the lower præpostor in the other two. And during their time of office the two præpostors were excused the business of the school.

James's document, I am afraid, is dull reading and hardly to our purpose. But luckily we have another manuscript of the same date which belongs

to Sir J. B. Riddell, Bart., and which is printed in the fourth number of *Etoniana;* while another version of it in the College Library presents a few valuable additions. The document is most racy, and contains, in the form of a catalogue, the materials for a complete picture of inner Eton life at the same time that Thomas James was laboriously describing the school books and school hours.

The first point to notice is the prevalence of nicknames, about a hundred and fifty being recorded, besides those of the masters. Thus we get Perny-pojax Dampier, Gronkey Graham, Pogy Roberts, Buck Ekins, Bantam Sumner, and Wigblock Prior among the latter; while, running the eye down the list of boys, one notices Bacchus Browning (Earl Powis), Square Buckeridge, Tiger Clive, King Cole, Mother and Hoppy Cotes, Damme Duer, Dapper Dubery, Baboon Fitz Hugh, Chob and Chuff Hunter, Toby Liddell, Squashey Pollard, Codger Praed, Hog Weston, Gobbo Young, Woglog Calley, and Totsey Oxenden; the three brothers Pott were rather obviously called Quart, Pint, and Gill; and one is not surprised to find that the good Thomas James was called Mordecai and Pasteboard. This is not the place, as Tristram Shandy would say, for my chapter on nicknames; but it would be well if the President of Pop, for instance, should every year make a list of all those known to him, by means of which the philosopher could indulge his reflections, and the curious inquirer his fancies. There is a world of

significance in some of these sobriquets; and we owe a debt of gratitude to the Adam-like boy who spends his time in giving appropriate names to his friends—and enemies.

The author of the *Nugæ Etonenses* proceeds to record the officers of the College and of chapel, the boarding-houses, games (which I have already quoted), Rides, Toasts, and "Chalvey Tits." Bull-baiting took place on Batchelor's Ground, cock-fighting in Bedford's Yard. Then comes a list of bathing-places and of "Places of Resort and objects familiar in them"—a most odd collection. Under "Sights" are mentioned:—"The madman at Upton, Dame Bramston's Gravestone at do. The Nailor" (who taught boxing), "working at Davis's, Watkins hanging in chains, the hares in Windsor little Park. Poney races at Datchet, Chalvey, and in South-meadow." This was something less inaccessible than Windsor races!

The watermen had good names:—"Guinea Piper, Dick Piper, Jack Piper, Old Moody, Tom Moody, Jack Gill, Tom Poleman, Commodore Stevens, Dilly Stevens, Wigginton, Nab, and Plumb"; and the three boats were, Pipers Green, Snake, and My Guinea's Lion. There are even special names for the guns which could be hired for the purpose of shooting swallows and swifts on Brocas Bank. There are lists of "Assistant Blackguards," whoever they may have been, billiard-table keepers, frequenters of the billiard-table (*O tempora! O mores!*),

and of all the shopkeepers, from Skerrit the spur-maker to Teddy Goad the purveyor of oysters.

The tastes and amusements of our generation are much the same as in 1766; but an expert to-day would make a very different list of "Favourite Eatables," and would be puzzled to identify all the following:—"Frumenty, Elecampane, Angelica, Macaroon and Raspberry cakes, Eel-pye, Sheep's tongues, Black-cap, Pippin paste, Oven cake, College loaf, Crumpets, Scooped roll, roll in 3, roll and butter by, Polonies, Lollypops, Hopping Betty's Sausages, and potted beef"; to which we may add from the other version, "Moody's hot rolls and cheese at Cuckow Ware, bottle of Capillaise and milk or water, Anchovies and bread and butter." It would seem that the era of tarts and messes had not yet begun; but, barring these, I think that very few of the young epicures whom you see coming out of Little Brown's or Rowland's, could make a more succulent selection of delicacies.

After enumerating the officials at the Christopher under Kendal, our author proceeds to record "Remarkable Occurrences" of the year: from which a few may be chosen. "Brudenell swarming up a pillar in the lower school, and defying Dampier during half an hour, till he was pulled down by the Prepostors and birch-desk keeper," suggests by the last words an ominous picture; and we are told that Tiger Clive climbed up the chapel after balls—no mean feat—and that there were verses

on the occasion of a battle between the boys and the butchers; perhaps this was the occasion on which the latter got possession of Windsor Bridge, and the boys only managed to get past in the disguise of women. A reference to "verses called the *Con*" seems to imply an early magazine; Con of course was the equivalent of "chum," and was in common use. Of those in authority we read: "Dr Foster mistaking a black sow for a Colleger shirking under the Long-walk wall, and calling out, 'Come here you Colleger!'; Hickford shut into his own dancing school (afterwards the School of Arms); Building the present Turrets, when one of the Bells fell into the greenyard (Cloister quadrangle), and narrowly missed old Burton (a Fellow); Dr Ashton (Horace Walpole's friend) falling into a fit while reading the morning service on a Sunday, by which the Boys were sent out—to their great joy; Dr Barnard's farewell speech—the conclusion of which was, '*Stet fortuna domus*, and God bless you all!'; also Dr Barnard cutting off Hare's pigtail in Hall with a greasy common's knife." But this same Hare, we are told, having had his Bacchus verses torn over because he had written them in English, wrote a Latin poem in a few hours "which tho' only 150 lines was the best shewn up." One last anecdote of Commodore Stevens, who wrote a Song of Triumph after a victory in a boat-race: "jumping publickly off Barns-pool-bridge with his cloaths on, and on coming to land all bemudded,

swearing that he would swim with any man in England."

If any present Etonian should happen to glance through these pages of *Nugæ Etonenses*, let me implore him to sit down at once and to write a similar description of the school, not forgetting to mention all the rules which he has broken, and all the malpractices of, let him say, other boys: and when he has finished, let him seal up the document, if he will, and deposit it with the family lawyer, for the delectation of his grandchildren.

Note.—Mr H. E. Luxmoore has suggested to me that the *Epomis Cuculla Philosophica* (p. 36) should be *Epomis et Cuculla Philosophica*, the Epomis being the tippet and the Cuculla the *squared* hood which the Posers wear.

CHAPTER III

SOME ETON BOYS

It is hardly possible that I should get through this book without quoting that little-known epigram, "The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton," and Mr Chesterton's better-known retort, "Yes, and South Africa very nearly lost"; so I hasten to write them down, and to employ them as an introduction to this chapter. Rightly considered, Lord Wellington was no more entirely incorrect in his remark than Mr Chesterton was entirely correct; but it would be manifestly absurd for the historian of Eton to describe the field of Waterloo or the veldt of South Africa. In the same way it is irrelevant to trace the careers of various Etonians who have attained eminence in the later years of their lives. For my purposes a boy ceases to be of importance after he leaves the school: he is at his zenith, so to speak, when he fades over the horizon with a leaving-book in his hand; and though he may deserve mention as a particularly loyal old Etonian, such as Horace Walpole was, these pages

are devoted primarily to Eton and Etonians, not to the doings of old Etonians.

There may be preserved in old country houses, along with much unsorted rubbish, packets of letters written by Eton boys to their parents many years ago. But few of these have come to light; and we ought to be very grateful for the letters which were published in the Lismore papers concerning the education of Francis and Robert Boyle at Eton in 1635-1638. They are collected in the sixth number of *Etoniana*, from which the following extracts are taken.

The Earl of Cork decided to send his two youngest sons, Francis and Robert, to the care of his worthy friend and countryman, Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton. He did not see them again for three years, but Wotton wrote to him occasionally about them, and Robert Carew, the boys' servant, was assiduous in his reports of their progress and occupations. The first letters tell of their safe arrival, of Wotton's kindness in lending them a bedroom till their own chambers were furnished, and of the Head Master's hope that "they will grow every day more and more in a liking and love" of the place. Carew tells the Earl that "they are well beloved for their civil and transparent carriage towards all sorts, and especially my sweet Master Robert, who gained the love of all. . . . Thanks be to God they're very jocund, and they have a studious desire, whereby in short time they

will attain to learning. They have very careful and reverend masters." The two boys dined in hall at mid-day, and supped in their chambers; there were many other noblemen's sons in the school (who paid double fees, by the way); but apparently at this date they did not have a separate table in hall. On fast days they had to buy meat at exorbitant prices from the College cook. They settled down to work with considerable eagerness, if we trust Carew's letters, and were placed in third form, and were urged, or rather allowed, to do extra work in their own rooms, so that they did twice as much as any other boys of their rank in the school. Robert was evidently the favourite, at least with Carew. "He is grown very fat and very jovial and pleasantly merry, and of the rarest memory that ever I knew; he prefers learning afore all other virtues or pleasures." He was given only a walking-on part in the theatricals of 28th November, "but for the gesture of his body and the order of his pace, he did bravely." Carew was, I am afraid, a rascal and a humbug; but it is impossible not to like the quaintness of his language, and Wotton himself went so far as to say to the Earl, "You have placed about your children one of the most loving and zealous servants that I have ever observed in life." Wotton was indefatigable in his solicitude for the boys: he chose a "very sufficient man to teach them to play on the viol and to sing," and to improve Robert's defect in pronunciation; later the boys had a French master, but for the

present "they read a chapter most commonly every night in a French testament afore they go to bed, besides their private prayers."

So they grew; and at the beginning of the next year, Carew sent a glowing account of their excellences to the Earl. Mr Francis "is grown in tallness very much, and straight but poor in body. He is of a sweet and decent carriage, comely in visage, and a lover of pious books and of the Scripture: he is active in his recreating exercises, in which Mr Provost commends him and exhorts him thereunto for his bodily health, provided that it be at his spared hours. He loves learning, but he is much inferior to Mr Robert's virtue, an' please your Honour." Francis was devoted to hunting and horsemanship, from which his younger brother used to dissuade him, by "exhorting him to learning in his youth." Carew is never tired of declaring the pre-eminence of Robert Boyle in all virtuous and learned pursuits; so that we might even be led to sympathise unduly with the elder brother, and to consider Robin as something of a prig. Perhaps Francis was haughty and sensitive, hating his lessons and loving his horses; and there are few positions more odious, or which more narrowly test the true metal, than that of a boy whose younger brother in the same school excels him in all those things which win popularity and prizes. Ten years later, when Robert returned from the travels which finished his education, he wrote an account of these Eton days, calling himself Philaretus; and it is

abundantly clear from what he says, that Mr John Harrison, the Head Master, distinguished him with many special marks of favouritism. The boy, in spite of his stammer, showed some aptness and willingness in his studies, which induced the master to give him private instruction. Mr Harrison's methods deserve attention; he gave the boy more sweetmeats than he could want, "unasked play-days," and would "oft bestow upon him such balls, and tops, and other implements of idleness, as he had taken away from others, that had unduly used them." This is individual treatment, to be sure; it could hardly be recommended for the whole school. But it answered with this particular boy; for Mr Harrison was careful to instruct him "in such an affable, kind, and gentle way, that he easily prevailed with him to consider studying, not so much as a duty of obedience to his superiors, but as the way to purchase for himself a most delightful and invaluable good." The result was that Master Robert grew to invert the natural attitude of boyhood towards work and play, and was often driven out to games against his will.

Could not the whole story be translated into modern language, so as to be true of ever so many boys now at Eton? I seem to see the two brothers, living together without the slightest envy or emulation, both happy in their own ways, and anxious only to please their father and Sir Henry Wotton ("a person," said Robert Boyle, "that was not only a fine gentleman himself, but very well skilled in the art of

making others so"); their master, Mr John Harrison, and each the other. It is the story of all the best Eton families.

Carew, in the same letter that I have quoted above, goes on to say that Robert is "wise, discreet, learned, and devout, and has not such devotion as is accustomed to children, but withal in sincerity he honours God, and prefers Him in all his actions. He is of a fair, amiable countenance, grown much in thickness and tallness, and very healthful." He was only once ill, and Carew's description haunts me with the delicious quaintness of the phrase. "The 10th of January, he took a conceit against his breakfast, as he is always curious of his meat, and would go fasting to church." I often think of that sentence when I see little Eton boys hurrying from their tutor's breakfast tables to one of the sock-shops before chapel; and reflect that if Little Brown's had existed in 1635, Master Robert would not have caught an internal chill. However, this was not the worst thing that befell him; for one night, when he had gone to bed early and Francis was at the fireside talking to some other boys, a great part of the wall and ceiling fell down "at unawares," with the bed, books, and furniture of the room above. Francis was dragged out of the ruins by a "lusty youth," and was only bruised; while Robert was saved by the curtains of his bed, though he was like to have been stifled by the clouds of dust if he had not remembered to wrap his head in the sheet, "through which none but the

purer air could find a passage." On another occasion, too, "being fallen from his horse, the beast ran over him and trod so near his throat, as within less than two inches of it, to make a hole in his band, which he long after reserved as a remembrancer."

There is not much more to tell. The boys were taken from Eton by their father after nearly four years of school life, and Robert lived to justify the promise of his boyhood. Mr John Harrison had given way to a "new rigid fellow," William Norris; and the ingenious servant, Robert Carew, was discredited, "one that wanted neither vices, nor cunning to dissemble them; for though his primitive fault was only a dotage upon play, yet the excessive love of that goes seldom unattended with a train of criminal retainers"; and indeed Sir Henry Wotton, upon investigation, reported to the Earl that between Carew and the "not altogether unhandsome" daughter of the underbaker, "there had passed long since certain civil, which she was content to call amorous, language."

Good Sir Henry, what a brave place he takes in the annals of our College! His dignified and courteous figure, lovingly portrayed for our delight in the *Compleat Angler*, has at last been painted in its full colours by a worthy biographer; and, "his good old genially pious life" has received "a proper elucidation by some faithful man," as Carlyle hoped that it would. It is odd to reflect upon the chances of diplomacy, intrigue, and obligation which gave us

the old ambassador as our provost instead of, perhaps, Lord Bacon or one of the other candidates; odd to read of the income of £140 a year and the strange perquisites, such as an ox and three sheep every week, two "bores," the produce of the dove-house and four hogsheads of beer from the March brewing; to hear of our provost as a member of Parliament and a courtier, summoned to Whitehall to give his judgment on four newly arrived pictures, or confined in his London lodgings by bailiffs for his debts, or worried to death by the trouble of satisfying his many friends in the annual election of scholars to Eton. He would travel in his shabby old coach, upholstered "with an embroidery of russet twist on green cloth," to Oxford or to Cambridge, or to the "genial air" of his old home at Bocton Malherbe; or go to see plays in London, or the king at court, "like an owl among gay birds"; but most vivid of all is the picture of him at Eton, when he was beyond seventy years of age, "as he sat quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a-fishing," and composing verses. And I love to think of him, too, entertaining the little sons of the Earl of Cork, "your sweet children," at his table; or writing his wise aphorisms of education, full of tender and prudent observations; or walking through Lower School, where he had erected the double row of wooden columns, adorned with pictures of the most famous orators, poets, and historians of Greece and Rome; and he would never leave the school, says Walton, "without dropping some choice

Greek or Latin apothegm or sentence, that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar."

But this is a digression; Wotton was never an Eton boy, and in fact is the best instance of a man who, though not an Etonian, helped the development of the school on its own lines. It is hard not to grudge him to Winchester; but the two schools have so often supplied each other with notable scholars and gentlemen, that they may without any loss of prestige trace their parallel descent from the traditions of Waynflete.

The mention of Wotton naturally suggests to the mind his well-known criticism of *Comus* in a letter to young Milton, who had walked over to Eton from Horton. But Milton was not an Etonian any more than Wotton; and the only poet of that day whom we can claim is Edmund Waller, who afterwards lived at Beaconsfield. Unfortunately we have no reminiscences of his Eton life, which was no doubt as much chequered with brilliance and shabbiness as the rest of his career. But it does not appear probable, nor indeed quite natural, that the boyhood of Eton poets and writers and artists was very remarkable. Such talents as they possessed are less likely to shine in the throng of school interests than the talents which go to make statesmen and proconsuls; and it may even be doubted whether the discipline of a classical education is not a hindrance to artistic sensibilities. Henry Fielding, however, maintained the opposite,

and attributed his style to the study of classical models. "Thee," he says, apostrophising Eton in the introduction to the thirteenth book of *Tom Jones*, "thee in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently rolling Thames washes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have sacrificed my blood." And only the other day I heard of an Eton tutor who confiscated a copy of *Tom Jones* which a pupil was reading.

Fielding had two close friends at Eton, Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, who began to gamble while still at school, and the precocious George Lyttelton, who wrote Latin and English verses with great facility and elegance at this time, and of whom Lord Hervey said, "Every feature a blemish, every limb an encumbrance, and every motion a disgrace; but disagreeable as his figure was, his voice was still more so, and his address more disagreeable than either." On the whole, Lyttelton ranks rather among the amateurs and patrons of literature than among the poets. In another branch of the arts we have as an Eton boy in 1720, Thomas Augustine Arne, who tormented his school-fellows day and night by playing upon a "miserable cracked common flute." There are many boys who have developed into less notable musicians afterwards, memorable for the excruciating exercises upon the penny whistle, with which they have amused their leisure hours;

and in recent times a boy has even been known to have a grand piano in his room. It is said that there are several boys now in the school who compose music in the holidays; but it remains to be seen whether, within a year of leaving Eton, they will achieve anything as good as Arne's music for Addison's Opera *Rosamond*.

Within the next decade a remarkable group of boys came to Eton, typical of their period and typical of a certain Eton attitude towards things in general. The centre of the group is of course Horace Walpole, the tall, sickly, precocious boy, who had been presented to George I. during his first months as an Eton boy, just before the king died; and as the son of the Prime Minister, he took a naturally high place in the life of the school, and was probably an *arbiter elegantiarum*. The influence of a boy who played no games and yet could not be neglected, was sure to be great; and in the temperament, which culminated in a Strawberry Hill, you may trace the origin of all the amateurishness, the dandyism, the effeminacy, the whimsical humour, the classical ingenuity, and the fantastic learning, which marked the Triumvirate and the Quadruple Alliance. "I can't say I'm sorry that I was never quite a school-boy," Horace Walpole wrote many years later; "an expedition against bargemen, or a match at cricket may be very pretty things to recollect; but, thank my stars, I can remember things that are very near as pretty." He always looked back upon the years

under the headmastership of Bland, and later of George, as the happiest time of his life; Cambridge was unpoetical and rustic after Eton. His letter written in the Christopher I have unfortunately quoted already, and have half a mind to quote again, so vivid and cheerful it is and brimming with love for his old school. "I remember," he says in another letter, "when I was at Eton and Mr Bland had set me any extraordinary task, I used sometimes to pique myself upon not getting it, because it was not immediately my school business. What! learn more than I am absolutely forced to learn! I felt the weight of learning that, for I was a blockhead, and pushed above my parts." This is of the essence of school philosophy, and will win the sympathy of those readers who scoff at such a reminiscence of Sheep's Bridge in the playing-fields as this:—"At first I was contented with tending a visionary flock, and sighing some pastoral name to the echo of the cascade under the bridge."

Of the Quadruple Alliance the other members were West, who went to Oxford and died young; Thomas Ashton, afterwards Fellow of Eton, a modest man but a well-known preacher; and Thomas Gray, whose connection with the school has been raised artificially into great prominence. For are not his poems a symbol of an unblemished school career to all Etonians? Personally I am inclined to resent the claim of Gray as the Eton poet; better things about the school have been written by others, and Gray's

ETON COLLEGE AND FELLOWS' EYOT
FROM ROMNEY ISLAND

"fearful joy" is hardly inspired by the spirit of Eton or of boyhood.

Other contemporaries of Horace Walpole were the two Montagus, who formed the Triumvirate with him; Lord Sandwich, the "Jemmy Twitcher" of immortal memory; the not less eccentric G. A. Selwyn, who, I imagine, must have gloated over the floggings at Eton with a zest premonitory of his later hobby; Cambridge, the poet, author of the Scribleriad, who was always thinking of the next *World*, which he edited: and a great many others who rose to distinction. Particular mention, however, is legitimate of one of them, Jacob Bryant, the scholar and mythologist; for George III. visited him in his old age, and asked him for what he was most famous at school. Miss Burney, recounting the interview, says that they all expected the old scholar to answer, his Latin exercises; "but no such thing! 'Cudgelling, sir; I was most famous for that.' While a general laugh followed this speech, he very gravely proceeded to particularise his feats; though unless you could see the diminutive figure, the weak, thin, feeble little frame whence issued this proclamation of his prowess, you can but very inadequately judge of the comic effect of his big talk. 'Your Majesty, sir, knows General Conway? I broke his head for him, sir!' The shout which ensued did not at all interfere with the steadiness of his further detail. 'And there's another man, sir—a great stout fellow, sir, as ever you saw—Dr

Gibbon, of the Temple—I broke his head too, sir; I don't know if he remembers it.'"

Horace Walpole the dilettante does not, of course, represent the general tone of the school in his time; there were other boys who maintained the rougher traditions, fought their fights with the cads or with each other, raised a rebellion against the brusque and unmannerly Dr George, and enjoyed the ceremony of Hunting the Ram in the playing-fields, at which, in 1730, the Duke of Cumberland, then nine years old, was present; he struck the first blow, and is said to have returned to Windsor "very well pleased," the little butcher.

The next generation brought Charles James Fox to Eton. His portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds hangs in the Provost's Lodge, and to judge from the pasty, dissipated look of his face, must have been painted soon after his return from a year's holiday at the gaming-tables of Spa. He was always "more of a mutineer than a courtier," and he came back to Eton "with all the follies and fopperies of a young man." But Dr Barnard tried the effect of a flogging upon him, and, curiously enough, his school-fellows had the good sense to laugh at him. Here again is an immortal type of boy; irritating to tutors, condescending and often unpopular among his fellows, and yet with the promise of brilliance which forbids neglect. Fox learned to love the classics at Eton, and still more to love poetry, and Gray especially: he believed in

Latin verses as the only way to learn the meaning of words; and it is just this kind of boy that actually suffers from the exuberance of instincts, and that needs the most careful guidance during the years of growth. Perhaps Fox's career was spoiled by nothing more than by his holiday abroad in the middle of his Eton life.

His friend, William Windham, was distinguished at Eton as a fine scholar, besides being "the best cricketer, the best leaper, swimmer, rower, and skater, the best fencer, the best boxer, the best runner, and the best horseman of his time"; another very common type. He left Eton early, to avoid expulsion. And I must mention some other boys of that date: William, Lord Grenville, famous for his Latin verses, who was expelled for his share in the rebellion against Dr Foster; and Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, whom Barnard placed high in the school against all precedent, though he could not write Latin verses. The boy lived long enough to justify this distinction, and no longer. Then there was William Hayley the poet, who was offered the laureateship in 1790, and of whom Southey said, "Everything about that man is good except his poetry"; and Sir Joseph Banks, who came to Eton from Harrow when he was thirteen years old, and though "immoderately fond of play," began the study of local *flora* and *fauna* in his leisure hours, and laid the foundations of his career as a naturalist.

We now come to the period of the first important

Eton paper, the *Microcosm*, and its editors; we have passed the date when the *Nugæ Etonenses* were written, but if you combine the picture which that ingenious work presents with the impression produced by a casual glance at the pages of the *Microcosm*, you will have a fair idea of the Eton of that date. Mr Arthur Benson in his *Fasti Etonenses* draws attention to the differences between Eton in 1780 and at the present day; and of course it is true that the oppidants, as George Canning calls them, lived more the life of undergraduates than of school-boys. But it is easy to exaggerate the differences; I could give you a parallel to almost any occupation, escapade, or amusement of the eighteenth century from our own. For instance, take the beginning of a letter from John Lonsdale ("who wrote the best Latin verses since Virgil"), a Colleger, aged eighteen, to Stratford Canning, who had left College for Cambridge. "The *reading* in Carter's Chamber has risen to an incredible height; whist is quite discarded, and nothing to be seen or heard of but lansquenet, a *dreadful* game of Heath's introducing. What do you think of Slingsby's having won £18 at cards since the holidays, and Heath's having lost £10? Where the money comes from I cannot divine. Even Oppidans are introduced into the *Library*. Eden has been several times playing there. (Heaven defend me and my friends from such a method of spending time!)" There was more freedom, of course; but I question whether you might not find,

in a letter written at the present day under similar circumstances, references to diabolo, bridge, etc., not unlike those of Bishop Lonsdale.

Stratford Canning when he went into College had the advantage of being George Canning's first cousin, and George Canning was then Premier, and wrote letters to all the authorities at Eton on behalf of young "Stratty." George in his time won a scholarship, but did not take it, for various reasons, which he explained in a letter to his old schoolmaster, Mr Richman. He rose to be captain of the "Oppidants"; and round him centred the little coterie of brilliant Eton boys, Hookham Frere, Charles Ellis, and John and "Bobus" Smith, who all contributed to the *Microcosm*. "Bobus" Smith, brother of Sydney Smith, was considered, next to Canning, the most promising of all his contemporaries; but he is best known now for his fight with the then insignificant Arthur Wesley. The Duke's elder brother, Lord Mornington, as he was when at Eton, became afterwards one of the most famous of Etonians for his loyalty to the school and, in a sense, because he was the beau-ideal of the Etonian; but it is said that his talents were more clearly recognised by his school-fellows than by his masters. However this may be, he gave two recitations at Speeches on Election Monday, 1778, before a large number of royal visitors; and in Strafford's dying speech drew tears from the audience. "David Garrick," Mr Sterry records, "hearing of it, compli-

mented the youthful speaker on having done what he had never achieved, viz., made the king weep. To which Lord Wellesley returned the graceful answer, 'That is because you never spoke to him in the character of a fallen favourite.'" When he died in 1842 he was buried in the College Chapel, and one of the windows in Lower Chapel is dedicated to his memory.

I feel a constant temptation to speak of men who were afterwards remarkable, but whose life at Eton is either unrecorded or unimportant. But it would be impossible to omit all mention of Richard Porson, who loved the rat-hunts in Long Chamber, and who construed Horace from a copy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, so fine was his memory: or of Charles Simeon, "Snowball" Simeon, the evangelistic preacher, who always looked back upon his pagan days in College with horror, remembering that though he was "the ugliest boy in Dr Davies' dominions," according to Porson, he had been greatly affected in manners and costume, and had been an expert judge of horse-flesh: he told Mr Venn that he would be tempted even to murder his own son, sooner than let him see in College what he had seen.

So the figures come into sight, cross the stage, and pass into the wider world. It is a fine pageant of boyhood; and had I the brush of an artist, it might be possible to paint the history of these Eton boys in panels: a decorative frieze beginning with the "sweet children" of the Earl of Cork, and tracing with a

ETON STREET—"AFTER TWELVE" ON A HALF-HOLIDAY

THE Curfew Tower of Windsor Castle is seen in the distance.

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delicate distinction of outline the whole development of boyhood. And yet somehow the effort would be unsatisfying; there would be too much reiteration of characters, too tedious a repetition of little friendships and animosities. Statesmen are even more alike in boyhood, than when they take their places in the Government and the Opposition; great soldiers more indistinguishable in Eton jackets than in their distinguishing uniforms; and it is a strange but obviously true fact that those men who in their lives have displayed the most admirable virtues and abilities are just exactly those whose boyhood was, to the coarse eye of their contemporaries, least noticeable.

The eighteenth century saw the rise of the Eton buck; and it is a melancholy reflection that the "buck" or "swell" or "blood" must take the most prominent place in this decorative frieze which I mentioned above. He swaggers across the picture, a polished, witty, and courteous blade; and it is hard to keep your eyes off him, though you know well that the unpretentious stripling beside him is destined to be a famous bishop, or scholar, or general. The catalogue of names fills the faithful chronicler with dismay; he pauses half-way down the list, and while he takes a deep breath, wipes his spectacles, and cleans his pen, the pageant is gone nearly out of sight; only a few figures linger behind in the playing-fields. The chronicler heaves a sigh of relief.

But there is one boy who cannot be passed over,

and round whose slight figure innumerable legends have accumulated. Shelley, in the days before the weight of the whole world troubled him; when he was a beautiful boy, nervous and highly strung, baited by his school-fellows under the arches in School Yard till with a scream of anger he fled for refuge to his dame's house, or to good old Doctor Lind of Windsor; when he was fired by the romance of new scientific discoveries, tried to raise the devil in his room, and only raised "big, blustering Bethell" his tutor, who caught hold of an electric machine, and was flung against the door; when he set fire to the tree in South Meadow with a train of gunpowder, or stole the colossal bunch of grapes from the sign of the Christopher and hung it in front of Keate's door, or wrote idiotic romances, and gave a breakfast to his friends with the forty pounds which the credulous bookseller gave him for *Zastrozzi*. Through all his tumultuous, restless school life, he is clearly seen; he may have been unhappy, bullied, defiant, half-mad, but the impulsive freshness of his personality does not waver; and in later days he was able to recall with delight the picnics on summer evenings, and the brown bread and butter which the beautiful Martha at Spiers' sock-shop used to give him.

UPPER SCHOOL AND LONG WALK AFTER "CHAMBERS"

THE Schoolyard and Founder's Statue are seen through the arch. The lower windows on the left are those of the School office.

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CHAPTER IV

THOSE IN AUTHORITY

You may see cigarettes being rolled in a tobacconist's shop-window, and you may buy a box of the cigarettes and enjoy the freshness of their flavour. But long after you have forgotten that flavour you will remember the look of the dusky, cross-legged Egyptian—or is he a Turk?—whose brown fingers deftly rolled the yellow tobacco. So for two reasons the tutor is more interesting than the pupil; he does the work, and he is always in the window. You come down to Eton from Oxford or Cambridge or London, and the boys, as they stand round Spottiswoode's and Little Brown's, or saunter towards school with books under their arms, are utterly strange: your old fag—can it be he?—lolls on the wall talking to another equally glorious buck, and waves his hand towards you with the condescension of a prince. For the moment you feel desperately out of date, antiquated; until you catch sight of the masters trooping to chambers in cap and gown, serious and academical folk who greet you pleasantly.

What matter that they do not know who you are? You know them, they are unchanged: they never change; they are out of the reach of decay. Only here and there you see a new face among them, or a face that was familiar to you, how lately, as a school-fellow; and soon you catch sight of your tutor, and as he welcomes you, fingering his watch-chain anxiously the while, and invites you to a meal, you are aware of a great comfort in this solid permanence amid the flux and reflux of Eton life.

The schoolmaster on his holidays is not uncommonly incongruous and even tiresome; but place him in his own soil, among the buildings which he could thread in the dark; surround him with little boys who touch their hats to him and "sir" him with every breath; put a key in one hand and a bundle of corrected exercises in the other—what a fine, genial machine he is, how imperturbably urbane, or how incorrigibly rugged! He may be a Keate, behind whose frowning eyebrows and blustering lips there dwells a sweet and gentle mind; or he may be a Balston, sweet and gentle in manner as well as in mind. But whoever he is—Knapp, Ben Drury, William Johnson, or Edward Coleridge—he has his place, along with the school buildings and the school curriculum, in the unbroken mould of Eton traditions. He lives his life upon a pedestal; he is not subject to the ordinary laws of human nature; from the point of view of the boys, he is like some passionless personification of grammar and syntax; and the first

suspicion of a false concord in that infallible organism is like bewildering doubt in a creed.

This may seem fantastic; but analyse the ordinary boy's attitude towards his tutor, and you will find that behind all the ridicule and the precocious disrespect there is a depth of real trustfulness; he laughs at him, imitates him, deceives him, knows his weaknesses and takes advantage of them; but at heart he trusts his tutor and knows that he can depend on him. This is a most wonderful and blessed thing, if you stop for a moment to consider the barriers and fictions and conventionalities which cloud, and must cloud, the relations of tutor and pupil.

The barriers are not so high as they were; the fictions less ludicrous, the conventionalities less paralysing. The pendulum is swinging from a frigid Orbilian *régime* towards a "domestic smugness," as someone has called it. I wonder what Charles Lamb would say to your modern Eton master, with his golf and his motor car and his Christian names and his delusions. He is no longer a "Gulliver among his little people"; he likes to hop off his pedestal and to join in the boys' games and interests, like a young don among undergraduates. But this is dangerous work; it is a method to be followed only by men of commanding, assertive character; and hardly by them. No sir, you are safer on your pedestal, with all respect to your desire to be "friends with the lads": you will find yourself in a net of indiscretions and favouritism; and worst of all, some

day you will be aware that the boys are taking advantage of your friendliness and are laughing at you openly.

The homiletical trend of this chapter is very far from its original purpose, which was to deal cursorily with a few of the famous provosts, Head Masters, fellows, and tutors of Eton. You must not imagine, madam, that the provost was always a dim official figure seen in chapel and occasionally in the playing-fields, but unknown, even by sight, to the majority of lower boys; or that the Head Master was always the most important personage in Eton, or the lower master merely the master who flogged lower boys. You must remember the smaller numbers of the school; the provost was some great man, like Sir Henry Savile or Wotton, who had retired from active life and who impressed the whole mimic world of Eton with his personality; the Head Master was just the informator, who taught all the Upper School; the lower master was the Ostiarius or Usher, who taught the Lower School; but, beyond teaching and the rudiments of discipline, neither had any real duties; the prestige of the College lay with the provost, the money from the College livings paid for the leisured luxury of the Fellows, not for new school-rooms and the scholars' maintenance.

Consequently it is possible only after a long exposition of the growth of the school, to place such a figure as that of Provost Savile in its proper setting —with his proud, unsympathetic personality, and his

printing-press in Dr Lloyd's house, and his "Eton Greek Grammar"; or that "illiterate old Jew of Eton," Provost Rous; or good Provost Allestree, who built the first Upper School, and who used to be faint with work in the evenings, so strenuous a thinker he was. But in another place I have said a few words about Sir Henry Wotton; and it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the casual reader's mind, that these early provosts and benefactors are interesting people who have been placed in charge of Eton, rather than men whose lives have been spent in the guidance of the youth of England. In 1678 there were only about two hundred boys in the school, and the position of the masters may be gauged by the following advertisement in the *London Evening Post* of 9th November 1731, quoted in *Etoniana*:—"Whereas Mr Franc. Goode, under-master of Eaton, does hereby signify that there will be at Christmas next, or soon after, two vacancies in his school—viz., as assistants to him and tutors to the young gents: if any two gentlemen of either University (who have commenced the degree of B.A. at least) shall think themselves duly qualified, and are desirous of such an employment, let them enquire of John Potts, Pickle-man in Gracious Street, or at Mr G.'s own house in Eaton College, where they may purchase the same at a reasonable rate, and on conditions fully to their own satisfaction. F. Goode. *N.B.*—It was very erroneously reported that the last place was disposed of under 40s."

The change may be said to have come in Barnard's time. He had been an Eton boy, and failing to get a scholarship at King's, merely because there was no vacancy, had gone to St John's College, Cambridge; after which he returned to Eton as private tutor to Henry Townshend, and became Head Master in 1754, when he was thirty-seven years old. In eleven years he raised the numbers of the school to over five hundred, and when he became provost and was succeeded by Dr Foster as "Upper Master," there were five "Upper Assistants" and three "Lower Assistants" on the staff. He was the first of our great Head Masters, and the whole personality of the man is so vivid and genial that I must refer the curious reader to Nichol's *Anecdotes*, or to any of the Eton histories for a full account of it. He was a thin man, pitted with smallpox and slightly lame; but his piercing eyes and musical voice were the outward signs of his extraordinary versatility and elegance of mind. He was an admirable mimic, a king of conversation, a model of grace and dignity: the boys feared and loved him, the king favoured him; and he has gone down to posterity as the first instance of a master who enlightened his pupils with the magic touch of literary appreciation. Was it not he of whom Dr Johnson said, "He was the only man that did justice to my good breeding, and you may observe that I am well bred to a needless degree of scrupulosity"? He, like Sir Henry Wotton, had a great "discernment into the characters of boys, and loved

spirit, though in opposition to himself"; and while he lost no opportunity for inculcating the graces rather than the rigours of education, he initiated in his later years a crusade against the growing luxuries and foppishness of Eton which marked the eighteenth century. There was a fragrance and wholesomeness about his rule which impressed all those who enjoyed his wit or watched his government. In 1762 Horace Walpole said, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann:— "Your nephew Foote has made a charming figure: the King and Queen went from Windsor to see Eton; he is captain of the Oppidans, and made a speech to them with great applause. It was in English, which was right; why should we talk Latin to our kings rather than Russ or Iroquois? Is this a season for being ashamed of our country? Dr Barnard, the master, is the Pitt of masters, and has raised the school to the most flourishing state it ever knew." Good Edward Barnard! I sometimes think of him swinging along from his house in Weston's Yard, towards Long Chamber, or bursting in upon the performance of *Cato*, and seizing the "long wig" from the actor's head, which turned out to be the vice-provost's old wig revivified; or cutting off Hare's pig-tail; or making his exquisitely fine reference to the death of a boy by drowning; or opening out before Sixth Form unsuspected and long-hidden beauties in the literature of Greece.

It is natural to pity the man who succeeds so popular and powerful a Head Master as Barnard.

Poor Dr Foster was a worthy man in an awkward position; he was a fine scholar and a conscientious schoolmaster—but he was not a gentleman, being the son of a Windsor tradesman; and though this fact would be more generously ignored in those days than now, it certainly aggravated the unpopularity which he drew upon his unfortunate head. Barnard as provost lived to see a great deal of his work ruined by the tactlessness of Foster; the numbers of the school dropped to two hundred and thirty; and those that remained were mutinous and incorrigible to a degree almost beyond belief. The famous secession of a hundred and sixty boys to Maidenhead was only one of several rebellions, which drove the luckless Foster still deeper into seclusion and moroseness and ill-health. He is one of the many schoolmasters who have known the bitterness of impotence in the face of insubordination, and have not had the pluck to fight for peace.

Dr Davies, who succeeded Foster, was another protégé of Barnard, and for twenty years he ruled Eton; he was also of humble origin, but, unlike Foster, he managed to conciliate the boys, and being something of a *bon vivant* and a pleasant open-hearted man, he was regarded with a certain approval in spite of his boorish manners and relentless discipline. He quarrelled, however, with his assistants, and when they all resigned, he attempted to manage the whole school single-handed. The boys naturally took advantage of the situation, started a riot, drove the

luckless Head Master out of the Upper School, pelting him with books, broke all the windows, burnt all the furniture and books within reach, and would have proceeded to heaven knows what further excesses but for the timely return of the masters to their posts: even so, the school was dismissed some weeks early. It must have been a fine time for the boys.

The two next Head Masters followed a different method. George Heath and Joseph Goodall were both quiet, easy-going, and pleasant men; the numbers of the school rose gradually, the discipline steadily deteriorated. Goodall, though an indifferent Head Master, was an excellent provost from 1809 to 1840, "dignified without pomposity and joyous without levity," a favourite with George III., a genial and popular figure-head, who spent his time in learning Hebrew and Spanish, and in collecting shells.

Meanwhile Keate was trying to put the school upon a sound basis of discipline, with the aid of his red eyebrows, his Baffin cough, and a stout birch. It seems almost a pity that historians should be at pains to correct our notions about Keate. The real Keate, it would appear, was a man with a purpose; he carried out his theory of education against tremendous odds, did not flog more than was absolutely necessary, and was a genial and humorous master. But how far more picturesque is the fabulous Keate, that wonderful figure drawn in *Eothen*, illustrated by a thousand anecdotes, a dozen invaluable sketches!

He makes a direct appeal to the imagination. And as for truth, he never believed what boys said to him; so I do not feel bound to believe what Mr Tucker says of him. I like to think of Keate as a whimsical little man masquerading as an ogre: and I am sure that the Baffin loses nothing by my wilfulness. Delightful autocrat, *vagæ moderator summe juventæ*, are we to be deprived of your irascible grotesqueness? A thousand times no. Keate may have forgotten to say, "Mind that, boys—you are to be pure in heart, or I'll flog you till you are"; he may, owing to an accident, have never had the chance of flogging all the confirmation candidates, because their names were on the papers used for castigation candidates; but the stories are virtually true. The picture of the tiny little man in his three-cornered hat, and bellying gown, with the inevitable umbrella under his arm, is alarmingly vivid—the little man who bullied the whole of Eton for twenty-five years, and retired fairly triumphant, applauded and respected on all sides.

There were brave doings in Keate's time; a stirring, exuberant period in the history of the school as of the nation. But nothing thrills me so much as the story of the two rebellions, which have been finely described by eye-witnesses in words that are almost historic. The first was early in Keate's reign, and was caused by an extra "absence" at 8 o'clock, inflicted every night as a punishment on Fifth Form for their disorderly behaviour in chapel. Anyhow,

one night no boys turned up for the absence except "a half silly fellow peeping out from the door of Lower Chamber," whom Keate in a rage seized by the collar and shook. This organised resistance was quickly crushed. Keate summoned all the masters and gave his orders, with the result that at about midnight each tutor had collected the members of Fifth Form under his care. "Headed by him," says the "victim" in *Etoniana*, "we sallied out towards the School Yard, instead of Keate's house. It was a dark night, but we could hear the movements of others in various quarters. A single lamp was over Keate's chambers, and by its light we could see a group of figures at each pillar of the row of arches under the Upper School. My tutor led us to a vacant one, and there was a dead silence. We could see by the reflection there were lights in the room above. Presently a clattering of feet, and down came half a dozen fellows. We could not see who they were, or speak to them, and they turned under the archway and vanished." Does not this description prick the fancy? Remember it when next you stand under those arches. However it may be supplemented from the account of Mr Wilkinson, who was the Sixth Form præpostor up above, busy handing birches to the Head Master. The first two boys refused to be flogged, and were sent away with a threat of expulsion. The next three hesitated in their refusal, and Keate bullied them into kneeling down. "Another tutor with another batch appeared,

and just then I heard as distinctly as possible through the open window (it was a very hot summer's night) voices plainly speaking through their hands, as trumpets, 'Don't be flogged; we haven't been flogged.'" It is as good as *Treasure Island* and the weird voice from the wood. But Keate was indefatigable; the louder the voice rose, the more insistent and ferocious he grew, and before one o'clock he had flogged all Fifth Form, nearly eighty boys.

The other rebellion in 1818 was marked by a similar adoption of the methods of Ben Gunn. At "Prose" one day—that curious institution which Keate called "Prayers," in Upper School—while the Head Master was reading aloud a passage from Blair's *Sermons*, a voice suddenly arose from the densely packed crowd of boys, "Where is Marriott?" The expulsion of Marriott, a boy in Fifth Form, had roused all the latent animosity of the boys. Keate took no notice of the voice, though the question was repeated loudly twice, and stalked out of the room as if nothing had happened. There was a mutinous feeling abroad in the school, which led to unrest and groups of conspirators under the limes, and eventually to the breaking of all the windows of Mr Green's house across the road. But the climax was on the Saturday, when three Oppidans and two Collegers after due preparation entered Upper School during the breakfast hour with a sledge-hammer concealed under a gown, and quickly demolished Keate's desk.

UPPER SCHOOL CLEARED FOR "CHAMBERS"

(THE DAILY MEETING OF THE HEAD MASTER AND HIS ASSISTANTS, NOW HELD IN THIS ROOM)

AT the end the Head-Master's room is seen through the open door on the right. In the centre is Keate's desk, above it the bust of Gladstone. On the left, near the curtain, the visitor is looking at Shelley's name cut in the panelling. The panelling all round the room is covered with the names of past Etonians. Speeches are recited here on the 4th of June.

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Naturally everybody was in a state of painful expectation when 11 o'clock school came; but Keate entered Upper School as usual, and without any symptom of surprise or annoyance stood on the ruins of his desk and heard the lesson. After 3 o'clock chapel all the divisions were summoned to Upper School, the masters were drawn up in a line, and Keate, from his broken rostrum made a short and impressive speech, "not at all in anger, rather an appeal to common sense," after which he called up the three Oppidans and two Collegers, and publicly expelled them. It was a signal triumph for authority, marred only by the unfortunate incident of Johnny Palk, a harmless boy, who was expelled five minutes later because his tutor overheard his murmur of dissent to Keate's speech. It transpired that Cartland, the Head Master's servant, had observed the demolition of the desk through the open rose-work from which the chandeliers in Upper School are suspended; and in consequence Keate had been able to assume magical powers of intuition in dealing with the offence which, under the circumstances, were quite legitimate. But when you remember all the anecdotes which are told of him—of his anxiety to catch the guilty, his readiness to suspect the innocent, and his inability to take a boy's word—you must confess that if he had not been delightfully eccentric in appearance, indefatigably absurd and plucky in conduct, and in contrast a much-loved father and vicar in later life, he would have been an odious

Head Master; and it was only by his occasional revelations of a fine personality, as in the speech about the death of Ashley, and of a genial friendliness, as in his breakfast-parties, that he won anything more than the respect — the slightly nervous respect — of his pupils.

Keate's successor, Hawtrey, almost beat him on his own ground. As an eccentric, a caricature of usherdom, a butt for anecdotes, Hawtrey is a serious rival. But as to character and method he is in contrast to the Baffin. "Keate was Eton, and Eton was Keate;" with all his narrowness and his inability to think of anything but discipline, Keate commanded Eton as insistently as the chimney-stack of Hodgson House does to-day, whereas Hawtrey was cramped by his duties as Head Master, and only really blossomed out when he became provost: his cosmopolitanism, his elegance of demeanour and costume, his passion for the delicacies of literature, and his delight in the courtesies and dignities of his position, only had full scope when he had moved across from Dr Lloyd's house to the Lodge. By his sweetness of heart and unobtrusive generosity and leniency, no less than by his ugliness, and his lisp, and his dandified appearance, he has won a most secure place in the affections of all Etonians.

The roll of provosts must not be finished without a reference to Francis Hodgson, the friend of Byron; who "literally appeared to think in verse," and wrote poetry "to the end of the chapter," as Byron said he

WESTON'S YARD

LOOKING across the Slough Road from the roof of the Timbralls. The near gables belong to Weston's. Above them (on the extreme left) are windows of Collegers' rooms, and the entrance to the present Provost's Lodge. Facing the spectator, the back windows of the Master in College, and (on the right) Long Chamber. The near roofs continue on the right to Dr Lloyd's house, once used by the Provosts.

would. For it was Provost Hodgson who reformed College, abolished Long Chamber, and Montem and the Christopher; few of our benefactors have done more "for those poor boys." Years before he came back to Eton as provost, he received a letter from Byron about Ben Drury, the Eton master. It seems that Byron had asked his friend, Henry Drury, "of facetious memory," to induce his brother Benjamin to receive a boy in whom Byron was interested at Eton as his pupil. After a long delay a letter arrived at Newstead, signed B. Drury, containing no sort of reference to Eton or pupils, but only a petition on behalf of Robert Gregor "of pugilistic notoriety." Even Byron was surprised by this behaviour of an Eton master. But Ben Drury was an eccentric, only overshadowed by Keate. Traditions tell of his marvellous scholarship as well as of his passion for the play-house; "he made beautiful verses and drove four-in-hand better than any whip between Windsor and London"; and in the afternoons a phaeton used to wait in the Slough Road for him and Knapp, and away they would go, when lessons were finished, up to town; sometimes they took a pupil or two with them; one of whom recalled afterwards, "the Juliet—the Sir Giles—the Bedford—the broiled fowl and mushroom sauce—the Hounslow posters—the return in time for six o'clock lesson—*O noctes cœnæque Deum.*" So that if Captain Gronow's story of Drury and Knapp being caught by the Bow Street runners, and bailed out by the Chancellor's secretary, because

they had the Chancellor's son with them, is not true, it ought to be.

Time has laid gentle hands upon the tutors of our fathers and grandfathers; the martinet has lost his asperity, narrow-mindedness is merely whimsical, dullness and pomposity no longer bore and irritate; a soft mist of generosity has descended upon our memories of the old fellows and masters, till we see no fault in them, but only the faded beauty and dignity of some characters, the "sweet unreasonableness" of others. How pleasantly quaint is the grotesqueness of an old gargoyle!

Every year Eton loses someone who has made fable or history for hundreds and thousands of Etonians. Now it is one who in his time, like Edward Coleridge, inspired scholarship and sound learning, and whose pupil-room captured all the school prizes; now one whose figure in the pulpit will never be forgotten by any boy that saw and heard him; now one whose house was famous for athletics, who never missed a house-match during all his years of mastership; and now one whose name will go down to posterity perhaps in connection with some immortal anecdote. In contrast with the endless procession of boyhood, they seem indeed as permanent as School Yard: but in contrast with School Yard they are but fugitive figures. Changes come to them; a new spirit animates them; the traditions of Bishop Abraham and William Johnson influence succeeding generations, and often the pendulum

seems to gather speed as it swings, and the older masters are inclined to say what Okes once said to Balston: "Balston, I don't understand you young men; when I became a schoolmaster, I made up my mind to wear the buckram, and I have worn it ever since."

CHAPTER V

OUT OF SCHOOL

Mr Wilkinson wrote to an old school-fellow to congratulate him upon his fine career as a country clergyman, and told him that he might make his own "Exegi monumentum ære perennius"; whereupon his friend replied with an anecdote about Keate. A boy in construing Horace said, "Exegi, I have eaten; monumentum, a monument; perennius, harder; ære, than brass." "Oh, you have, have you," said the doctor, "then you'll stay afterwards and I'll give you something to help you to digest it." A good many men spend their lives in eating the monuments which they raised at school, and need a touch of birch to help their digestion. The giants of the athletic world no less than the scholarship-winners—*mens parva in corpore sano* no less than *mens sana in corpore vili*—suffer from over-development in their boyhood.

We have lost a great many pretty ceremonies and customs, the splendour of Montem, the jovi-

alities of the Christopher, the joys of the fairs; but we have gained in colour—blazers, scarves, caps, dazzle the eye—and we have gained in the organisation of our games. All honour to athleticism! It has given the death-blow to work. Who cares for verses torn over, yellow tickets and tardy book, when he can win back his tutor's smile by a century at cricket, or a goal in a house match? The old-fashioned masters still talk doggedly and moodily about work; and a few enthusiasts agitate for reforms by which boys may be attracted to learning —work shall rival play on its own ground forsooth. But we all know that work is drudgery; it may be got through sullenly, or scamped, or shirked; anyhow it doesn't matter; all that matters is the coveted cap or the coveted cup, the triumph on Agar's Plough, or at the Brocas, or in the Field. Athleticism rampant on a field vert, with the Battle of Waterloo in the background.

Elsewhere I gave a list of games played in the middle of the eighteenth century; but they were mostly pastimes, like marbles and hoops, and sliding down the kitchen stair-rails; not real serious occupations like cricket and football, as at present organised. The rise of games into their position as the most important part of life, dates from the beginning of the last century, or rather from Victoria's accession to the throne. Suave Provost Goodall said: "Happy boys, they have their games of all sorts. They have their playing-fields for their cricket and football; they

have their walls for their fives; they play at hockey, and—I have heard—they go out in boats: and, in the intervals, they learn some lessons." How much happier must they be now with the prairie of Agar's Plough, the illimitable fives-courts, the incessant races on the river, and the elaborate inter-house competitions!

Cricket was played at Eton before the middle of the eighteenth century; for in 1751 we find three matches for £1500 played between the Gentlemen of England and Eton College, Past and Present; the former won the stakes with two victories out of the three matches. "The players were dressed in silk jackets, trousers, velvet caps, etc." And again in 1791 the school beat the Maidenhead Club by four wickets. This time there were no old Etonians playing for the school: Keate was one of the seven Collegers playing, and scored 0 and 4; while in the second innings Way "nipped himself out" for 11. Five years later the first recorded public school match took place against Westminster on Hounslow Heath, against the Head Master's strict orders: it resulted in the defeat of Eton and the flogging of all the Eleven! However, the match took place in the following years till, in 1801, Eton beat Westminster so badly that the challenge was not issued again. In the next year the first match against Harrow was played, in 1805 Byron made 7 and 2 against Eton, in 1818 the game was a fiasco, and from 1822 onwards with five exceptions the annual

match has taken place. The first match against Winchester was in 1826, and till 1854 it was played at Lords. Mr Blake has described a two-day match in the Shooting Fields against the M.C.C., in which Eton won a decisive victory owing to the prowess of Sir Christopher Willoughby, who carried his bat in the first innings "from a system of beautiful blocking," and on the following morning knocked off the runs necessary to win the match. When the hero, followed by the rest of the Eleven entered Upper School where the other boys were working, "for the time all construing ceased, and our head master greeted the modest Sir Christopher with language savouring of the keenest delight." There must be many Etonians alive who remember another match against the M.C.C. about sixty years ago, when the school was dismissed for twelve—or was it eighteen?—runs; and who can still in imagination see old Lillywhite bowling his lobs with a top-hat on his head, and George Yonge's venomously rapid round-arm, and Aitken minor's valiant three to leg, which made his the top score. At that time there were only six school matches in the season, and you must remember that there were only Upper Club and the Triangle to play in, besides College Field, which was divided, by a path now vanished, between Collegers and Aquatics.

Boating and cricket were not mutually exclusive; many boys have represented Eton in both departments, and when the Aquatics had played cricket

against the Eleven, the cricketers used to row in "sixes" against the boating enthusiasts. The history of boating at Eton is rather obscure, owing to the fact that the river was out of bounds, and that therefore no events on it received official recognition. But the progress of the art of rowing was unofficially encouraged, and in George III.'s reign the royal family often honoured the festivities of the Fourth of June with its presence. The fantastic costumes were an early invention; and Mr Blake speaks of the foremost ten-oared boat manned by Turkish galley-slaves chained to their oars with silver ropes; and adds that they were all selected for their beauty—a custom which has not survived in the manning of the *Monarch!* In a rhapsody of remembrance he pictures "the shores lined with spectators. . . . The royal cortege on the bridge, the delightful echoes of the various instruments, floating in harmonious cadences along the rapid waters; the rushing flight of the rockets, the innumerable fireworks displayed on *Piper's Ayot*, casting their resplendent glare on the stream of our favoured river; the deafening shouts of the populace, or the high-pitched voices of the crew of that boat, which had the misfortune to be *bumped* (an Eton phrase for one boat being struck on the stern by the prow of the one succeeding it), and which generally terminated in challenges for mortal combat on the following Monday." Bumping, or more properly fouling, was a regular means of defeating

your rival, and figures largely in the accounts of races against Westminster, and in the ordinary school races, which "sometimes degenerated into a free fight, in which stretchers were used, rudders unshipped, or rudder lines cut. We even hear of spectators joining in the fray, and of stones being thrown at the competitors from the bank."

These words are quoted from the introduction to one of the most interesting Eton documents, the diary of boating and other events, written in Greek by T. K. Selwyn, who was Newcastle Scholar in 1830: all that survives of it has been edited by Dr Warre, and comprises a most entertaining description of minute events in 1829 and 1830. It was the time when fancy costumes had been replaced by the modern uniform, and when check shirts were first introduced; when the watermen ceased to be employed as steerers of the heavy boats; when Lord Waterford and his Irish crew were up in arms against Lord Alford, the Captain of the Boats, and rowed in the Erin-go-bragh against Westminster and won by two furlongs; when George IV. was dying, and Prince George, his nephew, being invited to be "sitter" to the *Monarch* on the Fourth, was obliged to refuse, but gave the boat as much wine as they asked for, *i.e.*, six dozen bottles; and when the summer half was a long succession of gala days, school races, and private challenges. The betting was high, and the prizes were always in money. Keate's attitude

was one of tolerance; but he made violent efforts to prevent any rowing before Easter, "for the wind is very cold, and from this various diseases arise, and the river is full with the rain." However, some boys, led by Waterford, embarked, and while rowing round Upper Hope were overtaken by Edward Coleridge, who failed to make any captures because the boys rowed over to the Windsor bank, and apparently hid their faces in nightcaps. After a fortnight of illegal boating, the Captain of the Boats managed to stop it; but, as a final joke, the boys "manned the *St George* with seven cads, whom they paid for the job." The boat soon reached the spot where the detective masters were waiting for it, and the cads masked their faces in simulated terror: "and the masters shouted, 'Silly boys, we know you all the same: row in to the bank, or you shall all be sent away.' But they went on rowing, still keeping mostly to the middle of the river. When they reached Surly Hall they shut the door, and put one of their number upon the sign-post of the Inn to keep a look-out, and there on the opposite bank was Keate." They revealed their identity on their return. Meanwhile, a large crowd had assembled on the Brocas, lower boys and a rabble of street urchins, who booed Keate vigorously as he rode towards Windsor Bridge; but the little man turned round, and they all fled. Yonge, too, was booed in the Hockey Fields (the "Slads"); and Coleridge and Dupuis are rumoured to have fallen into a ditch

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FELLOWS' EYOT, SIXTH FORM BENCH,
AND THE PLAYING-FIELDS

"JORDAN" falls into the river behind Sixth Form Bench; along it is the path known as "Poets' Walk."

during the adventure. According to Selwyn, it was Hawtrey who smoothed matters by saying that it would have been a very good joke if it had not been spoiled by the booing.

There is another long dispute between Coleridge and some boating Oppidans, who insisted on going "below bridge," which was then reserved for Collegers: Coleridge's last remark is worth quoting. "On the match days I won't go there on purpose" (*i.e.*, to the playing-fields), "but at other times I shall be sitting there for three hours; and if I catch anybody, he shall be flogged and turned down. If you go down two or three times you will come to great grief, for I shall go myself to Upper Hope, and I shall fish for gudgeon in a punt, and everyone who goes by shall suffer for it." In fact the whole situation was very awkward, since the masters naturally liked to go on the river, and yet they were not supposed to know that the boys boated.

Fishing was commoner than it is to-day. You may still see three or four boys with rods at the end of Poet's Walk sometimes; but at the beginning of last century there was much fishing at the Cobler and the Shallows and Fellow's Eyot, for "scaggers" and barbel, besides the excitement of marauding expeditions to the eel-pots which belonged to choleric Johnny P., the purveyor of fish to the castle. Selwyn too speaks severely of two boys who were caught boating on Sunday with "Fish," Johnny's assistant, "a most disgraceful and dreadful spectacle."

Among other watery joys must be mentioned punting on the floods, which has never quite died out, and bathing. There were "cads" who taught swimming, notably Shampoo Slipgibbet, at a spot opposite the modern "Athens"; and George Augustus Selwyn—the more famous brother of the Greek chronicler, and the founder of the Philolutric Club—with William Evans first organised the swimming at Eton, and instituted "passing." Till his time, tradition said that there was a death by drowning every three years; and there are few more melancholy things than the loss of a boy's life by misadventure; as, in instance, of a boy who was burned to death on the Fifth of November by the explosion of fireworks in his pockets, and was buried at Eton in a sky-blue coffin, lamented by all, and especially by the unfortunate school-fellow who was responsible for the accident. Or who can read without emotion the story of little Ashley's fight against Wood? Some trifling squabble about a seat in school led to it; the fight was arranged, and at half-past six on a summer evening the jolly curly-headed little boy, backed by his elder brother and by the Captain of the Boats, stood up against his larger antagonist by the door in the wall. Imagine, you who have seen two school-boys punching each other's heads, or have watched a boxing-match with short rounds and few; imagine these two boys, stripped to the waist, in a circle of school-fellows, hitting and being hit, panting and staggering, with only a bare

breathing-pause between the rounds, for nearly three hours by the College clock, which clanged out the quarters above the thud of blows and the cheers of partisans. Ashley fought pluckily, so pluckily that all wished him to win the fight; but as time wore on, he flagged; his curly hair was tumbled, his jolly face was white and strained, and the other boy's knuckles were red with his blood; when his strength ebbed, his brother gave him brandy from a flask to wash out his mouth, and, poor child, he drank it in ignorance of its purposes. One more round: two minutes before the time when the match would be ended by lock-up; and in that last round Ashley fell senseless. He was carried to his house as the absence bell rang, and died in half an hour; and the sense of tragedy, I think, has never quite left that quiet corner of College Field. Keate made a fine speech to the school. "It is not that I object to fighting in itself; on the contrary, I like to see a boy who receives a blow return it at once; but that you, the heads of the school, should allow a contest to go on for two hours and a half, has shocked and grieved me." At an Eton dinner many years afterwards a man was asking Keate, who sat opposite to him, the names of the guests. "Who's that?" "Sir A. Wood, the man who killed Frank Ashley." "It was I who killed him, by giving him brandy," said the questioner's neighbour: it was Henry Ashley.

Fights indeed were quite in the day's work, in Long Chamber as well as in the playing-fields; Charles Keane used to teach the art three times a

week at Hexter's, and his pupils emulated the technique and ritual of the great fighters of the day; one boy is even said to have eaten a raw beef-steak on the morning of a fight, in order to ensure success; while Savile, in his encounter with Hoseason—the story is told also of Shelley—refused the knee of his second, and, after rinsing out his mouth with a few gulps of water, strutted about the ring spouting Homer.

Less picturesque but equally suited for the payment of debts, was football in the days when it struggled for existence against its more genteel rivals. Our two Eton games, the field and the wall, have developed rapidly, and few modern Collegers are aware of the comparative youth of their traditional game; the scramble at wall, the shrouded figures, the heaving immobility of the bully, certainly have the stamp of a mediæval, not to say primitive, origin; but, with all due respect to a very ingenious and energetic game, it cannot be said that any reverence ought to be paid to its antiquity. It has its memories and traditions to support it; but the reason why it would be a great pity to abolish it is that it is a good game in itself, and gives a great opportunity for prowess to those who are handicapped in the field by too short legs or too much weight. And fives too is, apart from the original court between chapel buttresses, a fairly new game; the old courts were built in 1840, the new some twenty years later. It is a game that can stand by

its merits alone, a splendid game for boys, in which masters can often beat their pupils; old men remember the immensely powerful and long arms of Joynes, and the skill of Johnny Yonge, who gave his name to a particular stroke—when the ball drops on the edge of the step and runs along lower courts. Rackets of course is a baby among Eton games.

In most of these pursuits Collegers used to hold their own against Oppidans, till the numbers of the latter grew to be overwhelming, and till every boy in the school was compelled to play games. In cricket especially, matters were on a level; and would probably have been equally so on the river, only that the expenses of boating were supposed to be beyond the reach of *Lingers*, as they were called; and so the poor and indigent scholars were relegated exclusively to the river below Windsor Bridge. The Wall-match on St Andrew's Day still attests the ability of College to hold its own against the best of a reasonable number of Oppidans. But in the history of the Beagles we find that the Collegers had their own pack at first, and that amalgamation with the Oppidans' pack in 1866 was only made upon perfectly equal terms. The initials E.C.H. on the buttons on the whips' coats were, according to an old story, mistaken by Edward Craven Hawtrey for a delicate compliment to himself: and the Eton College Hunt has flourished, from the days when it followed a drag or a bagged fox, and when boys coming home

bedraggled and mud-stained were expected to say that they had been playing football—another absurd fiction of Keate's time—to the days when it has weathered the protests of the R.S.P.C.A. and rejoices in kennels on Agar's Plough, and copious photographs in the newspapers.

Not so long ago—it will be ancient history when these lines are read—a craze for diabolo maddened the school, and when all the boys were asleep, even respectable masters might be seen practising the art in the street. Few of them knew that they were only reviving an old game which, under the name of "the Devil on two sticks," was in vogue at Eton at the end of the eighteenth century. The other minor games have vanished with the introduction of more strenuous exercises; and whereas the ordinary boy used not to change his clothes for cricket—he did for football always, and if he was a Colleger wrapped his gown round him when not playing!—now it is rare enough to see any boy out of change clothes on half-holiday afternoons.

What then did the boys do with themselves in those primitive times? There were many things to do; you could go "toodling" with sticks along the hedges—one on each side, tiring out the little birds and eventually knocking them on the head; and you could hire a gun from Wilkins and go shooting blackbirds in the Brocas hedges; and hire a nag and ride over to Gerrard's Cross or Maidenhead or Ascot races; or jump ditches and

streams with other boys for a bet; or even go poaching in Windsor Park. And then there were the great days of Windsor Fair in Batchelor's Acre, or the Pig Fair on Ash Wednesday in front of the Long Walk; there were theatricals, surreptitious but popular; there were pony races at Datchet and Chalvey and in South Meadow, and billiard tables at Huddleston's or Gray's. If you were a lower boy, you could find endless amusement in ringing the bells at the Dames' houses, or in pulling the bungs out of the casks in the Christopher Yard, and making the beer run like a candidate for Parliament: if you were a swell, you could watch cock-fighting or badger-baiting on the Brocas—the badger belonging to an Eton boy!—or could ride to join the stag-hunt. When the green-covered cart went past College at nine o'clock in the morning, all the boys knew that the stag was to be set free between Slough and Langley, and that farmer George would pass through Eton before eleven o'clock. He always stopped to talk to the boys on the Long Walk wall, and to ask the same stupid genial questions. A fine friend to Eton boys was George III., a keen supporter of Montem—a hundred guineas was his contribution of salt—and a great entertainer of Etonians at the Castle. We owe the Fourth of June to him, almost the only survival of the old festive anniversaries. Still, we have compensations with the Winchester Match, Henley, Lord's, and

perhaps Bisley, to release us from school routine and to demoralise our studious faculties.

I would give a good deal to have seen the Pig Fair outside Upper School, even if only for the ten minutes between school and chapel that wise authorities manœuvred with the aid of extra schools. Cutting the nets over the carts or pulling out linchpins and letting pigs loose must have been good sport. But best of all must have been the last Pig Fair, when a boy rode a pig from the gate of Weston's Yard to the Christopher, at the identical moment when Keate came out of Keate's Lane on the way to chapel, his gown bellying in the wind, his streamers flying behind him as he hurried along. It was, as I said, the last Pig Fair.

Keate was inimitable. On another occasion he flogged a boy for keeping a badger in his room. "His conduct was disgraceful, he shirked his tutor, he got up no lessons for school, he had been seen carrying his own badger-bag on the Brocas, and another day actually going up town with his cock under his arm; if he did not mend his ways he would live unrespected and die unregretted, and—and—give me another birch. I have no opinion of a boy who keeps a badger." (Wilkinson.) And when Lord Sunderland let off fireworks on the little Doctor's front lawn he was summarily expelled. It is said that anybody could draw a recognisable caricature of Keate, or imitate his voice and manner;

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UPPER SCHOOL AND LONG WALK FROM COMMON LANE HOUSE

BEHIND the three limes is the gate of Weston's Yard. To the right of it is Mr Gaffney's Lodge, where the Provost's stables once stood. On the extreme right is the lamp-post known as the "Burning Bush." On the extreme left, where the New Schools are now, was once Bethell's house, where Shelley boarded.

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but Lord Morris's feat of impersonating the Doctor and calling absences at the Dames' houses without being discovered must have needed exceptional powers of mimicry. The story goes that Lord Douro, who perpetrated the famous joke of painting Keate's front door red one night, disguised as the Head Master himself, was dining with Keate, then a Canon of Windsor, many years afterwards, and thinking that it might be amusing to confess to the escapade, broached the subject; whereupon the Canon's eyes flashed fire, and he roared out, "Remember it! Yes, certainly I do; and if I catch the rascal who did it, I'll——" Lord Douro hastily changed the subject.

Among the heroes of lawlessness we must count the Pleiades, seven boys whom Edward Coleridge constantly sent together to Keate for a flogging, and who for their behaviour in "the Library" were known to the boys as the howling dervishes. Mr Wilkinson records some of their feats; anything mischievous came naturally to them. "One of them was the youngster who, dressed up as a tiger in livery—top boots and leathers, cockade in his hat, and light wig—sat lolling back, with arms crossed, behind his master, a big fellow who, with false moustache and whiskers, and box coat and cape, *à la* dandy officer of the day, drove a tandem through College for a bet, just as the masters were passing the Long Walk towards their assembly at 'Chambers,' before eleven o'clock

school. One, really an officer of the Blues, who had lately left school and was well known to the masters, and who was the real owner of the tandem, sat at the side of the driver, and nodded to one of the masters—his old tutor—as he passed. They pulled up at the door of the Christopher, and talked with a knot of friends, while scouts were watching for Keate to come down his lane, and, as soon as the signal was given that the Doctor was near, the tandem, with its spirited team, dashed forward and nearly ran over the old master as he crossed the road."

It is possible to drop a tear on the memory of the Christopher, without wishing it back again. A great deal was eaten and drunk there; old Etonians lounged over the rails and chaffed the ostlers in the court below, or exchanged a word and a laugh with the beautiful Pipylena, who came to the door of the bar for a breath of air and sunlight; here was old Garraway bustling out to receive the London coach, or discoursing wisely on stable matters to a group of young bucks; here passes a little Colleger with a bowl of "bishop"—at twelve shillings a bowl—under his gown, for his fag-master; and perhaps you might see what Gladstone used to see from his window at Mrs Shurey's opposite—the prisoners being taken across the archway to the coffee-room, where the magistrates sat—now a pupil-room. The Christopher may have been a nest of temptations; but when it followed the fate of Montem, it left a great gap in

the daily life of Eton, hardly to be filled by beer and skittles at Botham's, or the Nelson, or any other outlying inn.

If it is true that the real growth and development of most boys' characters takes place out of school, it follows that the standards to which he conforms must be reckoned of primary importance. Many estimable virtues — courage, unselfishness, local patriotism, quick judgment, and sociability — are clearly encouraged by games in a definite and easily intelligible manner; and it is often noticeable that a boy who has learned to "play the game" will carry the principles of fair play into other spheres. In a sense, most boys have no moral conscience; they may be induced to do some things and not to do others, for three reasons; firstly, fear of punishment, the knowledge that the game is not worth the candle; according to which instinct it has been ascertained that the crash of a broken window-pane is worth about five shillings to an undergraduate; if he knows that he will be fined more than that amount for each pane broken, he will generally refrain from the indulgence of his caprice. So a boy will not talk in school, because it is not worth while; he is far from having any consideration for the master. Secondly, a boy can be influenced by his affections; he owes a great deal to his home, and will be vividly desirous of the approval of his family. This instinct may be extended to include respect and affection for a tutor or dame; and for this reason masters must be not

only clever men, not only men of sterling and impressive probity, not only men of good birth and good manners; but also of good nature and good humour, lovable in school and out of school, able to mould a boy's character by the slightest, tenderest revelations of interest and affection. Boys are marvellously sensitive to the influence of a sweet nature; and I remember in particular one master, who never raised his voice in school, never talked cant about the pleasure of doing dull lessons, never showed the slightest desire to hoodwink us or to force our minds, never said "This is a beautiful Greek play," or "a very good piece for Latin prose"; we young prigs soon discovered that he was not as fine a scholar as others who had taught us nothing; we knew he was not a "sportsman," an odious designation, by the way; but that one man had a real beneficent influence over us, and I honestly believe that we worked well, not because it was work done "under" him, but "for" him; and we would go to tea with him on a general invitation, because we knew that he could talk to us sympathetically and refreshingly, without for one moment losing our respect. I write all this, because I want to insist upon the truth, that it can be done by the right man in the right spirit; and that it is the best, if not the only way, to guide boys.

Third, more potent perhaps than the others, is the standard of correctness made by boys for themselves, rigidly observed, tyrannously enforced. It is

often said that small boys have been made miserable, because they have transgressed some paltry rule of etiquette; and I do not wish to defend unreasonably what is unreasonable; the pedantic ritual of custom and dress must appear ridiculous to reason, though it is not in the least puzzling to boyhood. But in more important things, that come vaguely under the heading of morality, the strong grip of this standard is felt with equal advantage and equal danger. A thing "is done" or is "not done" by gentlemen, by Englishmen, by Eton boys, by members of a particular house; and that is generally the first and last word that is said for or against that thing. We have an excellent name for the offender against our rules: he is a "scug"; and the health or "tone" of the school depends vitally on the detestation or tolerance of scuggishness.

Of these three methods of influencing boys, the first and the last are often antagonistic; and it is quite natural, and even "sporting," according to school standards, not merely to break rules of discipline, but to "score off" tutordom in every possible way. For instance, if "correctness" condones "cribbing," fear is unable to stamp it out; the more violent the crusade against this or any other kind of "dishonesty," the more daring and "sporting" is the offence. From all of which it may be gathered—what is, I am afraid, a truism—that if only masters could rouse the affections of their pupils, they would gradually make intimidation unnecessary,

and would purify and strengthen the standard of "correctness." Cribbing is a good example; I defy any master who is out of sympathy with his division, to stamp it out; but I deny that any boy worth his salt would behave dishonestly, if he were really fond of his master.

As things are, it is useless to talk of this sympathy between tutor and pupil. And that is why it is vitally important that boys should learn how to play the game out of school; that is the justification of our elaborately organised boating and cricket and football, our "colours" and house-cups, and genial rivalries. And, finally, that is why a scug is technically a boy who has not the right to wear any "colour."

But it is not to be denied that many estimable men have been considered as scugs by their Eton contemporaries, and that the boy whose real development takes place after he has left school is often more interesting than the boy whose last year at Eton is one long period of condescensions. More than that, experienced critics, at the universities and elsewhere, complain that the Etonian, with his delightful and leisurely manners, his urbane ignorance and his quiet assumption of superiority wherever he goes, is something between a conceited puppy and a vapid antelope; he lacks backbone and moral grit, any real grounding in knowledge, any consciousness of his own shortcomings. But we like to think that this criticism is prejudiced; it is superficial and grudging. The

flaunting, worthless Etonian is more easily noticeable than the best type; and the impartial observer will be forced to admit that if the Etonian standard is very high, it is nevertheless passed by a large proportion of candidates; and the certificate won by a good school career is the most valuable passport which a boy can take when he sets out on his travels. It is a passport of friendship and trust; and wherever the hero finds himself, in office, mess, pavilion, or smoking-room, he carries with him the talisman which brings him friends and makes strangers trust him, by a sort of magic which is no magic at all, but the stamp of manhood impressed upon his character out of school.

This may seem to be a disparagement of work. But it is quite the opposite, seeing that most of the work at Eton is done out of school. This part of the system leaves it to boys to decide when they will find time for the preparation of lessons, "extra works," problem papers, and so on; and it is hardly necessary to remark how deeply this responsibility for getting work done influences a boy's mind. It is no transparent fiction; a lazy boy can really escape a great deal of work, if he likes; and the absence of direct coercion, as in hours of "prep.," must help to form character, as well as the casual intercourse and the stringent conventions which exercise the youthful mind out of school.

CHAPTER VI

OPPIDANS

Among strangers the words "I was at Eton" often rouse a gleam of interest. "What house were you at?" is invariably the next question. "I was in College." This answer is generally given with a certain diffidence; it is always received without enthusiasm, but with a feeling between dismay and dislike: it is presumed that if you were a Colleger at Eton you must be quite impossibly clever, and must know the curate's son, who tried for a scholarship last year. It is quite true that there is a gulf fixed between Collegers and Oppidans; but there are two sides to the question. Loyal Collegers, planting themselves firmly on the Foundation, can claim that they are the kernel of the school, with a long and almost unbroken tradition of fine scholarship and finer sentiment; while Oppidans can retort that they also were provided for by the Founder, and that, further, at the present day they are the school. The great statesmen, governors, bishops, and lawyers have been Oppidans, even beyond the proportion of numbers; and I have heard of an ambitious parent

who, when his son was offered a scholarship at Eton, went through all the old school lists and came to the conclusion that no Colleger had ever become "a great man" in later life, and sent him to a boarding-house: if the boy is as canny as his father he ought to fulfil all expectations.

The school exists now for the sake of the Oppidans: they pay for the gorgeous buildings and the masters' motor cars; and they are the boys for whom Eton can do most in return. Speaking generally, Collegers are destined, from breeding, position, and habit, to do the world's intellectual drudgery; in its lower forms, this occupation demands an education which can be obtained at almost any public school; in its highest forms, at no public school. Oppidans, on the other hand, are, almost without exceptions, boys for whom merely intellectual pursuits will in later life be optional; their principles and characters will be important in their professions, their brains a luxury or a curse. You may divide Oppidans into two groups at the present day: the majority of future statesmen, land-owners, soldiers, and Horace Walpoles, who by their hereditary instincts hold the honour and glory of Eton in the palms of their hands; and the small admixture of Jews and upstarts, on whom Eton can exercise all her magic powers of refinement. And that is where the Eton Touch comes in.

In the earliest days there was a frank distinction between commoners and gentleman commoners;

and, later, a broad line was drawn between noblemen and commoners. There was some sense in this; noblemen sent their sons to Eton in the care of a private tutor generally, and the position of these boys was like that of undergraduates: they paid double fees for anything which the school gave them in the way of board and lodging and education; they had stalls in chapel by the Head Master and provost; and on the festivals of St Andrew, St Patrick, St David, and, if in the school-time, St George, the Head Master entertained them at breakfast, and wore during the whole day an appropriate "badge" presented to him by the boy who was highest in rank of the nation which was celebrating its patron saint.

The rest of the Oppidans lived economically at the various tenements and boarding-houses of their day, and were either under the Upper or the Lower Master; a great many of the Windsor and Eton tradesmen gave their sons an Eton education, and by the Founder's Statutes at any rate this education ought to have been free; but a charge for the school expenses seems to have been made from an early date. The Upper or Head Master paid his assistants, and received numerous fees and presents from each boy under him; while the Lower Master had a sort of preparatory school, to which boys of a very tender age came, and in consequence of the fees and presents involved was able to sell his assistant masterships, like a waitership at a restaurant.

The two Boyles, of whose career at Eton I gave some account in an earlier chapter, cost their father, the Earl of Cork, £914, 3s. 9d., which included the expenses of their "diet, tutorage, and apparel," and of their servant, Robert Carew, for three years; and among the details it is worth noticing that the "commons" for dinner and supper in hall cost 5s. 6d. a week, breakfast 4d. a day, their chambers £5 a year, their washing 16s. a quarter, their barber 5s., and their wood and coals £1, 14s. 6d. for an unstated period. The provost saw that the two boys had the best of everything, and we may take their expenses as typical of the date.

The bills of another pair of brothers, the sons of Sir William Cavendish of Chatsworth, are preserved, and indicate the scale and nature of Eton expenses in 1560. They stayed at the inn the first day, and entertained two boys to dinner with "bread and beare 6d., Boylid mutton and pottage 5d., One brest rost mutton 10d., One lytull chekyn 4d."; and afterwards took lodgings with one Richard Hills, for themselves and their servant, at 13s. 4d. a week. Next they had clothes made, gowns of "black fryse," coats of "fryseado," with two dozen buttons each, fustian doublets with as many black silk buttons, and hose of fine kersey; not forgetting two combs at a 1d. each. "Item, for a breykfast for the companye of formes in the schole according to the use of the schole, 6d.," seems almost biblical in its cheapness; "It. geven

to a man to see bayre bayting and a camell in the colledge, as other schollers dyd, 3d.," suggests a fine harvest for the "man"; and the rest of the expenses are for shoes, books, "penns and cornetts," "furred gloves w[t] strynges at them," candles, firewood, "whyte papur for the gentlemen to write uppon," and sundries. The amount of shoe leather which they used is the most noticeable feature of the bills; they wore fine holland shirts and knitted hose, and girdles for their gowns; and one of the regular payments was "quarterydge in penne, ynke, byrche, and brome," to the Head Master. Their total expenses, apparently for a year, were £25, 11s. 5d.

An extremely ill-spelt document in the College Library contains a boy's bill in 1700 with the following charges:—"seeping the schoole 4d., 2 pound of candles 1s., his coach 3s. 6d., Gave him 1s., wosted 3d., for a poore woman 6d., Gloves 10d., powder 6d., a letter 2d., the Taler 1s. 6d., two pare shooes 4s. 8d., dyit (diet) £4, 10s.; so due £5, 4s. 3d." But there is no indication of the period covered by this bill.

The expenses of Walter Gough for half a year in 1725 came to only £22, 5s. 4d., and included pocket and journey money, the writing-master one guinea, Dr Bland the Head Master two guineas, and half a year's board and study ten guineas. A similar bill of 1719 for William Pitt's expenses would be for practically the same amount; only he "fell down," an accident which cost four guineas in doctor's fees and

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

WESTON'S

UNTIL recently a boarding-house, now the residence of the Lower Master. Originally an almshouse built about 1441 by or for the founder, enlarged in 1650, and again about 1800, when the low wing on the left was added. The gabled part of the exterior is probably little changed, but the interior was entirely removed in the alterations of 1908. On the right, the other side of the Slough Road, is seen the Timbralls.

in moving him from the scene of his fall; while he paid five shillings "for curing his chilblanes."

On the whole, it is fair to say that Oppidans vary less in their expenditure at the present day than in former centuries. As at the colleges of the universities, the terminal bills or weekly battels are scrutinised with care by tutors, and gross extravagance is discountenanced. You can no longer, like Lord Wriothesley in 1615, have a page to wait on you at meals; private servants are never seen at Eton, private tutors rarely. The nobleman does not find his name at the head of his division, unless he deserves the honour; nor does he sit in the stalls in chapel. On the other hand, it is less easy to live cheaply at Eton now; the school charges are very high, the Eton tradesmen are expensive; no one is surprised to hear of a hosier who retires after eighteen years with twenty thousand pounds, and yet no one, or very few boys, dare to buy all their clothes at home. It is a great pity that many loyal and valuable old Etonians cannot afford to send their sons as Oppidans, and that the high standard of expenditure should hit the small squire and the Etonian parson hardest, while it merely attracts the parvenu.

To return to the consideration of boarding-houses: it must be noticed that the dames or dominies held their houses sanctioned indeed by the authorities, but often unconnected in other respects with the school; the Head Master, lower

master, and many of the assistants no doubt had a few boarders ; but for a parallel to the general condition of Oppidans, we must look to University lodgings rather than to the Eton houses of the present day. At a somewhat later time, from the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was usual for the junior assistant masters to read prayers and call absences in the Dames' houses ; and gradually the modern system of close supervision won its way, and the dames disappeared. We must remember, too, that few boys went into College who had not previously been Oppidans ; and, till New Buildings made space for every boy to have a separate room, Collegers used to have rooms down town or in their tutor's houses, where they could escape from fag masters and the chaos of Long Chamber, and could wash and eat meals without interruption.

The development of Eton has combined with the growth of preparatory schools, to deprive the Colleger of these opportunities for knowing his Oppidan contemporaries. George Canning refused to go into College, chiefly because "a Colleger among the boys even is not looked upon in near so respectable a light as an Oppidant" ; but also because Oppidans left at seventeen, Collegers at nineteen. And in those days the career of a Colleger was less a matter of choice than it is to-day : his education made his career, whereas the Oppidan's education only fitted him for his career.

A note as to costumes. In the Founder's

Statutes, red, green, or white hose is expressly forbidden; and in William Paston's well-known letter to his brother in 1478 he asks for a "hose clothe, one for the halydays of sum colore, and a nothyr for the workyng days, how corse so ever it be it makyth no matyr: and a stomechere, and ij schyrtes, and a peyer of schlyppers." Heavy as the Colleger's gown at the present time is, it used to be heavier: in fact it almost precluded any distinctive undergarments. But Oppidans, as soon as they ceased to wear gowns too, must have developed the colour-schemes of costume in which youth delights. Mr Wasey Sterry has an interesting passage on costume at the beginning of last century. "Before 1815, trousers had begun to come into use, especially the white ducks, jean, and nankeen pantaloons that were then fashionable, but the wearing of these was forbidden to Collegers long after the Oppidans all wore them. . . . Oppidans, however, were not altogether free from restrictions; they might wear kerseymere shorts, but not the long kerseymere garters which were their usual accompaniment." Mr H. C. Blake in his *Reminiscences of an Etonian* recalls the fact that, as a new boy in 1799, he wore a blue jacket with a red collar, and was christened "Black Blake with a blue coat and a red cape"; and it appears that a "blue coat, white waistcoat, ruffled shirt, and long hair was the ordinary costume." In 1820, when George III. died, the whole school went into deep mourning, from which

historians say that it has never emerged. Then, as now, the boys made up for the conventional uniform of the school by the glories of their "going-away" costumes: and as boots were forbidden in school—a curious restriction—it was a point of honour with all who could afford them, to wear Wellingtons. Mr Wilkinson in his *Reminiscences* describes the *mêlée* on Election Monday at noon, when all the Oppidans were simultaneously trying to get away for the holidays, and the whole road from Barnes Pool to Weston's Yard was packed with vehicles of every description, "rushing and jostling, according to the screaming of the basses and trebles, to call up what they thought to be their own carriages with their own peculiar baggage. Just beyond Spiers' Corner—out of sight, and then out of bounds—were horses waiting to take some of the swells away for their holidays, and in a few minutes they came from their houses—to the astonishment, perhaps admiration, of many eyes—in green cut-away coats, with brass buttons, white cord breeches, top-booted and spurred, ready for their ride to London—by the young ones thought a great feat, but, after all, scarcely twenty miles—for which they had sent on extra horses to Hounslow, and so covered the ground in little more than two hours. A little further on, at Willow Brook, and some way down Datchet Lane, one or two tandems were standing, concealed, waiting for some still more venturesome big fellows." Mr Blake speaks

of the boys "fitting on their boots at Ingalton's, with which they intend to be *something* when they reach the paternal roof"; of the lower boys with pea-shooters on Lillywhite's coaches, and of the "invariable" custom of "putting on their clean shirts over-night to be in readiness for starting!"

No doubt the swells were able to introduce some slight variety into their costumes during the school-time, as at the present day. Montem coats were allowed after the great day; there is a good story about Bethell, who always selected boys with red coats to go on construing, till one morning his whole division in protest appeared in red coats. And my father distinctly remembers an Oppidan wearing a green Montem coat in chapel, a year after Montem itself had been abolished. He tells me too that "Appy" Coleridge, son of Edward Coleridge, first dared to wear a single instead of a double tie; the old fellows continued to wear stocks—like sheaves wound round their throats, after the fashion of the Prince Regent, who had a wen—and Bethell, of pompous memory, used to wear a spencer over his tail-coat; frock-coats were just coming into fashion. "Swell Jervis" was famous for his elaborate coats and waistcoats; and Charles Coleridge wore peculiar buttons from Paris, and Taglioni shirts, which were swallowed by one of Hawtrey's dogs with fatal result. At the moment of writing this, Eton is suffering from a plague of socks, elaborate, many-coloured, and prodigious.

It is true that there has been an outbreak of colour in this respect all over England; but at Eton the contrast of vermilion, purple or rainbow socks with the sober black of a tail-coat and sub-fusc trousers makes the disease more startling in its symptoms. The whole phase is more of a joke than anything else; but in theory it raises several important questions of etiquette. It is a privilege of Pop that its members should have a latitude in costume not allowed to the ordinary boy: they may wear patent leather boots and shoes, and any kind of waistcoat that taste or whim may suggest. But the "boy in the street" can only wear colour in his handkerchiefs and socks. When in "change" clothes, for games or some "absences," he can wear any "colour"—a technical term now, madam—to which he is entitled; and of course on the Fourth of June, or when going for leave, he can encroach upon the prerogatives of Pop with impunity. A trifling subject for the casual reader; but a matter of great importance to some young, not to say small, minds.

The mention of Pop suggests a reference to the Eton Society, which was founded on 2nd February 1811, by Charles Fox Townshend, and which, in one form or another, has held its place ever since at the head of the Eton microcosm. In its early days it was, above all, a political and literary society; we read that its members liked if possible to elect the Captain of the Boats to the society, in order to show

that they had no animus against athletics; the debates were on important questions of the day, and the speeches were written out in the journals at great length. To-day Pop is primarily an athletic society, with many duties as well as privileges. It has often been said that an Eton boy would far rather break a school rule than infringe any of the smallest prerogatives of Pop.

But the Eton Society is not exclusively composed of Oppidans, like the *Estaminet*, which used to meet in one of the cellars under the Christopher after dinner for convivial purposes; or the Oppidan Museum, a club, the object of which was the capture of tradesmen's signs and doorknockers. However, in Cruikshank's picture of the Oppidan Museum, 1824, which may be seen in Mr Wasey Sterry's book, there is an obvious Colleger in the middle: obvious because he is wearing a gown and also is the only peaceful figure in the group! Collegers had a similar institution of their own, called "Combi"—compare the use of the word at King's now—and, besides, there was Bever in Hall every day in the summer. So perhaps Cruikshank made a mistake: he certainly exaggerated the height of the cellar, in which it is barely possible to stand upright. The *Estaminet* was afterwards called "Cellar"; and when the Christopher was abolished in 1845, it was removed to "Tap," where you may still drink out of the "Long Glass" used for the ceremony of initiation. And while on the subject of eating and drinking, I

must mention the "Oppidan Dinner," which was abolished in 1860. It took place towards the end of the summer half, at the White Hart, with the Captain of the Boats as chairman and organiser: all the swells were invited, and the dinner, which began at four and was interrupted at six for absence in School Yard, was resumed afterwards and prolonged till lock-up.

These mild orgies have a tendency to be abolished or to be softened into something tamer: the "duck and green pea" nights or check nights went in 1860, and now the champagne in the changing-rooms at Rafts after school races is stopped; while College dinner, which used to be a great affair till quite lately, is now an orderly and somewhat tedious semi-official proceeding. Of course it is very important that boys should have no opportunity of disgracing themselves and the school by riotous and drunken behaviour; but it may well be doubted whether it is fair to the universities and the world in general to turn boys out of the Eton nursery with the idea that the correct thing at all club or college dinners is to drink too much and to wreck other people's rooms.

From our heights of "domestic smugness" we can look back on the old customs and conditions of Eton school-life with an easy and almost envious tolerance; the oppression, ignorance, and brutality have all the picturesque qualities of barbarism to counterbalance their ugliness; and we smile somewhat incredulously at the tales of disorder and licence and bullying, which make the memoirs of the Georgian age so

eminently readable. But, not to labour the point too tediously, let me quote a few often-quoted incidents which illustrate an Oppidan's life in the early years of the last century. First, the well-known passage from one of Mr Milnes Gaskell's letters; "Rolles got spurs and rode some of us over a leap positively impossible to be leapt over with a person on your back, and every time (which is every time) we cannot accomplish it, he spurs us violently, and my thigh is quite sore with the inroads made by this dreadful spur. My Poetae Graeci is destroyed, my new coat completely ruined." Fagging included cleaning shoes and knives, and brushing clothes. "There was another sort of fagging at my dame's," said Mr Wilkinson in his *Reminiscences*, "in which I think we little fellows were rather proud to take a part, that was in helping the big fellows on a summer's morning to get out to drive tandems." Apparently this was quite a common form of adventure; but the most historic, and perhaps little known drive, was that of one Buszard, a big boy at Shurey's, one morning at 2 A.M. to Sandhurst; he took two lower boys with him as "tigers," and as the story goes, they were shown all over Sandhurst by a sleepy porter, signed their names in a book—the two fags as "G. A. Handley" and "W. E. Handley"—and drove back to Eton in time for absence at 9.15. The two tigers are known to the world as Bishop Selwyn and Mr Gladstone.

Mr Gambier Parry, in his *Annals of an Eton*

House, describes the condition of Dames' houses at this period. "Of order there was little, and the arrangements generally were regarded as a private matter between those who kept the houses and the parents of the boys, the authorities rarely interfering save in the case of a serious breach in the rules of the school. The accommodation was often of the poorest description, the food of the coarsest, the floor of the dining-room being sanded, and carpets in the bedrooms by no means general. Discipline in many cases scarcely existed. . . . The spirit of emulation, as we know it, was almost non-existent." We must add, too, the question of expense: the Duke of Athol told William Evans that his expenses at Eton under the private tutor system were £1000 a year, while his son, under the reformed conditions of the houses, cost him only £170 a year. Which goes to prove what I said before, that the limits of cost are now far narrower, though the average is probably higher.

The new era came about 1840, connected with the influence of Provost Hodgson, G. A. Selwyn, Hawtrey, and the Duke of Newcastle; and the history of it as far as it concerns the development of the House system, may be traced in Mr Parry's admirable monograph on "Evans'," the last of the Dames' houses, which was ended with the death of Miss Jane Evans in 1906. No one, I think, whether he was at Evans' himself or at another, perhaps rival, house, can read the book without feeling that

KEATE'S LANE

THE west end of Chapel and the Waynflete Memorial are seen in the distance. Opposite the near railings was Evans'. Behind the spectator on the left is the Manor House.

the finest tribute to Eton's greatness is contained in the growth of that commonwealth under William Evans and his two daughters. It may be well, however, to mention the principles upon which the house was managed. The boys were trained especially to rule themselves, and potential oligarchs were gradually educated to a sense of responsibility; loyalty to the house was the mainspring of action; undesirables were weeded out before they had time to do mischief; work was not inculcated as the primary duty; athletic distinction was sedulously encouraged; and a close connection between old boys and the house was maintained. At the back of all this you have to imagine a woman with a genius for indirect government, and a great heart and intuition and sanity of control which were a beacon to all who knew her.

And so Evans' flourished and sent out into the world some of the finest and sanest men that Eton has produced. The conspicuous success of the house is undoubtedly due to the independent responsibility of the bigger boys; and one who was connected with it for the last twenty years told me that he believed that boys educate themselves in spite of the masters. The greatness of this truth is apt to blind people to the importance of an occasional startling personality among the house masters. So often we see houses flourishing under a rather incapable master that we are apt to put all our trust in the few bigger boys,

whose influence is paramount in their oligarchy. But it is essential that there should be a sound and wise authority behind the edicts of "the library"; unless some process of elimination and training is continually going on, you will get a bad set at the top of the house, sufficiently bad to mar the tone of a whole generation. Beyond the ordinary type of house master, conscientious, efficient, and respected, which is in the long run the best type, you find a class of men who are only spared the extremities of disorderliness in the house, if they happen, as is often the case, to be gentle and amiable themselves; and on the other side you find every now and then a man of great overbearing character who stamps his personality on every boy in his house indelibly, for good or for evil. This is the kind of master that is absolutely essential for the recreation of tired traditions; but it is dangerous work when the first enthusiastic impulse has been given; it often means that the boys surrender their individuality to the strength of their tutor. And it must be remembered that weak trees cannot stand grafting.

The glorious part of Eton life is its happiness. The routine is so well organised that when a boy grows accustomed to the discipline of school work and house-fagging, he is freed gradually from the trammels of authority, till in the summit of his glory as President of Pop or Captain of his House, he is royal in his liberty as well as in his responsibility.

The whole growth of his character is beautifully graduated; there is very little of the smug intellectuality of the conventional monitor or of the offensive worldliness of the inferior undergraduate. And happiness, pleasure, crowns all, and is "superinduced." Never can anyone be so splendidly, unconsciously happy as in his last year at Eton, with no sense "of ills to come, no care beyond to-day." It is fine to think that these boys are able to carry out into the world something of that glow of youth which was not dimmed by premature cares. "They belong, these boys," says Mr Parry, "to that great army which marches all its days, yet leaves no track by which its pilgrimage may afterwards be traced. They are but the rank and file of the world, who do the main share of the work of the world, who have aspirations or who have none, who spring to the call of duty, who lend a hand, who call a cheery word, who help the lame dogs that they chance upon, and who do these things all the better, we like to believe, because of the spirit of Eton."

CHAPTER VII

COLLEGERS

THE history of College still remains to be written; there are, I suppose, many records besides those already published; and any faithful old Colleger who undertook the task would have plenty of material from which to select his facts. But I have no intention of adding anything, except a few notes written by my father, the Rev. E. D. Stone; and if anybody who reads these pages does not know who my father is, let him inquire of the oldest Etonian within reach.

By way of introduction to the reminiscences, let me glean a few facts from the numerous and delightful books which deal with a Colleger's life in the period previous to the abolition of Long Chamber.

From the earliest date the scholars lived in Long Chamber and had meals in Hall, and turned their plates upside down for pudding. At five o'clock in the morning, according to Malim, one of the four Chamber Præpostors called out "Surgite." "They all straightway rise together, uttering, in the time while they are dressing themselves, prayers, which

each one begins in his turn, and all the rest follow with alternate verses. When prayers are finished they make their beds. Then each one brings out all the dust and dirt that is under his bed, into the middle of Chamber, and then when it has been swept together in various parts of Chamber, four out of the whole number, appointed by the Præpostor for this purpose, make it into one heap and carry it out. Then all go down two by two in a long line, to wash their hands. Returning from washing, they enter the school [now Lower School] and each takes his place." At the sixth hour the under master entered, and kneeling in the upper part of the school, began prayers: after which the work of the day was undertaken. At nine o'clock they went out of the school, at ten they had more prayers, after which they went into Hall, two and two, for dinner. Work was resumed afterwards and continued, except for breaks between three and four, and between five and six, till seven, when they had refreshment; after that it depended on the Head Master and custom whether they did more work or were allowed to play till bedtime at eight. Breakfast and supper are not mentioned, but were probably at 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. "Bever"—beer and bread and salt in Hall at 3 P.M. —was very likely in existence too at this date. It was abolished in 1890.

Some of the picturesque customs and ceremonies of that early time have been mentioned before; and we may assume that the routine of a Colleger's life

was very little changed from decade to decade; Horace Walpole says in a letter (1740) that he saw a College of the Jesuits at Siena, where above fifty boys were "disposed in long chambers in the manner of Eton, but cleaner"; and it is not hard to imagine the dirt and disorder of that huge room, where the boys were locked in every night at eight, and let out again in the morning, but with no supervision whatever, except when the Head Master happened to make a surprise visit, and to call an absence. You may still see the remnants of the old bell which was connected with the master's rooms, and which could be rung in case of sudden illness or accident. It was an oligarchy or bureaucracy: Sixth Form ruled Chamber just as it chose. The little boys had a miserable time; apart from the initiatory ceremonies, they had to undergo recognised forms of bullying; a big fellow with a bolster shaken down hard to one end could do a lot of damage, knocking over candles and ink-pots, or bringing the unsuspicious to the ground with a well-directed blow on the ankles from behind. You might wake up in the night to find a rope tied to your big toe, by which you were dragged the length of Chamber; and the only way to escape these nocturnal visitations was to keep awake, and, if you heard whispering, to creep out of your bed and under those of your neighbours till you were safe from danger. Or you might be "put into play," bandied about like a shuttlecock in a square made of bedsteads, by the big boys, till you were sore all

over; or made to wait on some hulking swells who were getting drunk round one of the fireplaces, or to warm your fag-master's bed in the meanwhile, or to cut logs for the fires. Tossing in the blanket was a favourite amusement, and often enjoyed by the small boy who was tossed; eight big fellows held the blanket, and swung it to and fro to the chant of "Ibis ab—excus—so—missus ad—astra sa—go," and at the last syllable all drew back with a sharp pull, and the little boy bounced up like a pea. Rowland Williams touched the ceiling once—a tremendous height—but fell crookedly on to one of the bed-posts, so that he was completely scalped: by a merciful chance he was not killed, but only had concussion of the brain, and his scalp, which hung down his neck, was sewn on again. But it was the end of blanket-tossing.[1] Still, there were other amusements—such as throwing a cricket ball from one end of Chamber to the other, to the imminent danger of everyone within range; or rat-hunting at night, a most exciting occupation; the rats were lured into the room with toasted cheese, and then at the word of command, everyone leaped out of bed and filled up the holes in the walls, and the fun began. Mr Blake says that he "wired" a famous grey rat which was supposed to be the Founder's ghost. And then there were theatricals, of which many accounts

[1] As a regular amusement. But my father remembers it in his time, and says that Abraham stopped the practice by recounting the story of Williams.

survive; and the carnival of "liberty-night," when every boy masqueraded in costume and domino, and the bedsteads were turned up on end to make space for the motley crowd. Of food and drink there was never lack, while money lasted; Johnny Bear would smuggle them in from the Christopher through the windows of Carter's Chamber, and many an orgy took place round the two fireplaces.

It remains to speak of Election and Montem. For a week before Election Saturday—at the end of July—"rug-riding" took place; lower boys were tied up in big rugs and dragged with a rope by other fags up and down Long Chamber till the floor shone like a mirror; and the spaces between the beds were scrubbed to a corresponding glossiness. On Thursday, waggon-loads of beech boughs were brought and the whole of Chamber decorated; and on Election Saturday the green rugs with the College Arms (presented by the Duke of Cumberland, and since burned in the bakehouse fire of 1875) were spread on the beds, and a huge flag was hung from the Captain's bed. The transformation is said to have been startling, and visitors to Long Chamber could never believe that the bright airy fragrant room was ever less so.

Of Montem and its glories who has not read? Certainly I have not the courage to attempt a description of it, the wild excitement of Montem Sure Night, when on the stroke of the clock every bed was banged on to the floor, every window-shutter

crashed, and every voice raised in shouts of exultation; the thrilling preparation of dresses and accoutrements, the gay costumes and dresses in School Yard, the procession, the King on horseback, the Salt-bearers, Marshal, Corporals, Colonel, and all the riot of colour on Salt Hill; while the Ensign waved his flag, and Stockhore in a donkey-cart recited and sold his doggerel. Glorious fun it must have been for everyone, the Captain of the School and the tiniest page-boy, the King and the nobility, and the yokels; but it was well to put an end to the institution as soon as the railway brought a miscellaneous rabble from London to spoil its freshness and spontaneity.

The carnivals and the barbarities of Long Chamber passed away together. They went side by side; and when the other day I was talking to a great Eton lady about the fine spaciousness of those Georgian times, she summed up the whole situation by her answer: "Yes—charming"; and then after a pause, "so *gross*." With this tribute to the days in College which he barely missed, I will leave my father to tell his story of the enlightenment and reformation which marked the middle of the last century.

CHAPTER VIII

REMINISCENCES, BY REV. E. D. STONE

It is strange that memory holds so many unimportant details, while the greater movements of life fail to record themselves. The spirts of the brush are indelible, but the grand outlines fade away. Especially is this the case when life has been uneventful, and when habitual prudence has curbed the spirit of adventure. Yet these blotches may seem to recall in some degree the colouring of the age, and enable imagination to realise an order of things now passed away for ever.

But a truce to moralising. Where am I? In a long room, which was once much longer. During the summer holidays the transformation must have been effected. I am awoke from sleep by the harsh clang of the College clock. I got soon accustomed to the sound, but on that first night it chilled me with a sense of desolation. I was lying a small mite in a large bed of solid oak blackened by age. Soon, I think the next half, these beds were replaced by the turn-up bedstead of modern invention; the wood was cut up and small models

made of it, as relics of the past; this at least was the popular belief.

There was a sentimental pleasure in occupying a bed in which many generations of Collegers had slept before me. But there was no time for sentiment, when morning school had to be faced. The crockery which had been sent in for our use had been piled the evening before at the end of Chamber, and made a cockshy. Brass candlesticks were the instruments of destruction. One set was reserved for the Captain. There was a tap somewhere, and perhaps more than one, but washing was not to be thought of. The modern tub was non-existent. Soon two rooms were provided upstairs with basins and taps, and some kind of ablution was possible. In these rooms, unwarmed of course, we stored in a season of snow and hard frost, a large number of snowballs, which froze hard in the night. Battles between Collegers and Oppidans were constant, in which of course the Collegers got the worst of it. The frozen snowballs would have broken anybody's head: luckily the Sixth Form got wind of it, and they were confiscated.

Where the railings of the new school now stand in front of the Crimean cannon, stood then a long brick wall, and behind it the house of one of the masters. Along this wall I had to run the gauntlet daily on my way to my tutor's, and one was tempted to balance the advantages of shirking

construing, and furnishing a mark to an ever-ready company of tirailleurs. But duty prevailed. For light we had tallow dips. Brass candlesticks used as missiles, as they often were, are short-lived, but their place could be supplied by a ginger-beer bottle; or if that was not forthcoming, what could be simpler than to drop tallow on the head of your bedstead, and when a sufficient foundation had formed, stick your candle in it. Tallow candles were used in the school-rooms, where we sat on old-time benches (no desks, of course), and by the dim light made our attempts to construe; snuffers were handed round, or the finger and thumb supplied their place, but woe to the boy who snuffed the candle out. School was constantly interrupted by the entrance of præpostors to show up their bills, long strips of paper headed *ab hora*, with lists of boys staying out or on leave, or absent with no apparent cause till their excuses were obtained. And there was a more awful being, the Sixth Form Præpostor, who would come in with a request that Smith mi. would stay, and this meant an interview with the Head Master. I was, one school-time at least, "holder down," an office held by the two lowest Collegers in Fifth Form. We were supposed to pin the victim to the accursed block, but usually the place was a sinecure. It got us off a few minutes school, as we were summoned a little before time by the Præpostor, and as flogging in those days was of daily occurrence, there were

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INTERIOR OF THE OLD BREWHOUSE

THE old Buttery was also in this building.

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compensations. Once during my tenure of office the Captain of the Boats was flogged for drunkenness; he was a big, sturdy boy, and had he been recalcitrant, we should have been powerless. His only request was that the door might be shut during the performance, such an event having attracted a large crowd; but Dr Hawtrey was absolute. "That," he said, "is the chief part of your punishment." Floggings were taken very lightly. I remember meeting a boy called Nicholls, who told me with great glee that he had been flogged thirty-two times, and had just got his ninth first fault. The numbers are still impressed on my memory.

Chamber tearoom was at that time in a room now used as a pupil-room, the door close to College stairs, but it was approached by stairs from above. The College gave a large roll or half a loaf, and a good-sized pat of butter for breakfast, and milk. We provided our own tea and sugar, and "orders" came in for us from the sock-shops at tea-time, also at our own expense, or rather our parents'. Oppidans had three small rolls, but our big roll was regarded as fully equivalent. It didn't go so far as the bread though, and boys are hungry. There was a sort of cooking stove in the tearoom, where unhappy boys endeavoured to cook mutton chops or kidneys for their masters, a dreadful experience, generally ending in the production of a raw cinder. My own master was a most humane and gentle

being, and never gave me a rough word. I can see myself now stripping off his wall-jersey, after a lusty game; my business also being to provide him with hot water. But "other masters, other manners," and boxes in the ear which felled the victim were not unheard of. No account was ever taken of the difficulty of a task imposed; like Rudyard Kipling's kangaroo, "we had to." I dimly recollect an order to convey bottles of beer to some room assigned, and failing in the due conveyance thereby, so exposing the would-be consumers to the danger of being nailed; but my employer meeting me in the passage afterwards, after upbraiding me in strong language while I tried lame excuses, ended up with, "You look so d——d innocent, I can't lick you."

The conveyance of beer was facilitated by the gown-pocket. Gowns were made of much coarser stuff in those days, and would bear a considerable weight. One use to which my pocket was put was to carry a covered tin, carefully made to fit the pocket, back to my tutor's. Supper, whether with his connivance or not I have never made out, was sent to two Sixth Form Collegers, his pupils, under the cover of evening, and it was my business to take back the empty tin. Once the cook in compassion gave me two mince pies, and I was hurrying back with my prize, when a voice from the opposite pavement stopped me. It was Dr Okes, then Lower Master, who had observed

the bulging of my pocket on the way to my tutor's, and waylaid me on my return. I had to explain to him what I had been doing, and I suppose must have fingered my pocket furtively, for he went on to say: "What have you got in it now?" I was obliged to produce the mince pies, whereupon he rather cruelly asked me whether my tutor was privy to this disposal of his property. The result was that I hurried back to the cook, and restored the pies, an act which I have always regretted.

My tutor, though in reality the kindest of men, did not show us habitually the amiable side of his character. The distance which it was thought right to maintain between tutor and pupil was seldom relaxed. The barrier was not broken down till William Cory, or Johnson, as we knew him then, established more intimate relations. Once only did I experience a different form of government. My tutor being ill, I was attached to the master I was up to in school—and when I say that he appeared in pupil-room in a dressing-gown, and a tumbler of brandy and water was steaming on the desk, old Etonians will recognise him. He had nicknames for almost all his pupils, and "Shiny" Williams, in after days a well-known London magistrate, was singled out as "Peccator." Another boy of a somewhat strutting demeanour was named Ajax.

He was a most stimulating teacher. In his division I first learnt what scholarship could be to a real scholar. He would come in late at 5 o'clock

school, shuffling in slippers; but once there, all was alive. He called the Præpostor "secretary," one of whose duties was to provide a large "Scott and Liddell" for reference. He would discuss points of etymology which interested, if they did not convince. For instance: "Gylippus—now you know there are a good many Greek names ending in ippus—Melanippus, black horse; Leucippus, white horse; Xanthippus, bay horse: now I take it that Gylippus is derived from gules, and means red horse." His idea of Sunday private business was a strange one: we had to say by heart so many lines of Juvenal; but at the end of the school-time he gave us a paper to do on one of St Paul's Epistles, and marked us. I believe I was first, but I need not say a prize was not forthcoming. He was remarkably like Sir Alexander Cockburn, and sat or rather "lay" for Ward's picture of "the last sleep of Argyle." Once when a master, I dined with Sir Alexander in Windsor. I had sent up his son for good, and took an interest in the boy. And while we strolled in the park afterwards, he told me that never having been taught Greek, he determined at the age of eighteen to teach himself, and in order to whet his faculties to the utmost he started with the "Agamemnon." How much farther he got, I did not learn.

There was a want of life about the teaching of those days: it was rather dull and decorous, and the one man who might have interested me, I happened to miss. This was Abraham, afterwards

Bishop of Wellington in New Zealand, who was the first master in College. He had no easy task before him. College had been ruled by the Sixth Form, and a resident master was not much relished. But by tact and that genuine authority which resides in the man and not in the office, he steered his way and won the confidence of boys, many of them being his own pupils. He used to go round on an evening and cultivate the friendship of boys, while careful not to be regarded as an intruder. I never knew him as well as I ought to have done, but that was my fault. Before I left College, he had been summoned away by Bishop Selwyn to help him in New Zealand, and his place could not be filled. Coleridge also had a stimulating power, especially among his pupils. He, too, had a playful way of giving nicknames, and I was either "lapis lazuli," or "Cornelius a lapide." He was afterwards my very good and staunch friend till his death, when Vicar of Mapledurham. He could be satirical, and risked giving offence. Boys are very sensitive on this point, while they do not resent direct rebuke.

When I passed in due course into Dr Hawtrey's division we had a very easy time of it. We still went on construing the same lessons which were done throughout the Fifth Form, the one addition being Greek play once a week. This began at eight, and involved a late breakfast. Dr Hawtrey was then growing rather weary of his long service.

He was an elegant rather than a sound scholar, and we were sometimes not convinced of the view he would take of a hard bit of Thucydides. He was fond of quoting imitations of Horace by Swift and Pope, and would declaim with gusto the story of the country mouse, and especially the line "Que ça est bon, ah! goutez-ça." But he dozed, and while he dozed some wag would ring his bell, and Finmore appeared. "Did I ring? Oh, bring me a pocket handkerchief." And when the contents of a Noah's ark bought at the fair were furtively displayed on the table, his only comment, when it caught his eye, was, "Take it away, silly boys!" But he appeared in another guise, when now and then some night rug-riding perhaps was going on, or some sort of ragging. Finmore would ostentatiously rattle the key in the lock of the door at the end of the room, and presently when the commotion had subsided, would appear bearing a lantern, shuffling along, while Hawtrey followed with dignified and solemn strides amid dead silence. He passed on into the New Buildings, but whether he visited the rooms there I never knew.

The curriculum of the school in those days was very simple. In the Remove, geography (ancient) with a modicum of history attached (but we passed it over), was taught once a week, and a map was done, the names of the modern equivalents of ancient cities being written at the side, and numbers attached to dis-

tinguish them; this also might be done perfunctorily.[1] For a well-done map a boy got an exemption: the corner was torn off and marked with the master's initial, and served in lieu of the next punishment set. As no boy could be placed higher than Lower Remove, every one had to pass this mill. Carter and Durnford were Remove masters in my days; the former a disciplinarian of the strictest order. As there were often sixty or seventy in a division, discipline was a matter of serious importance. There were trials from Lower Fifth to Upper Lower, and after this ordeal, Oppidans went up in school order to the end of their time. Collegers besides Election trials were subjected to an examination called "Intermediates," universally detested as an unfair imposition. All healthy-minded boys hate examinations, and the multiplication of them is one of the worst heresies of the present day. The only examination I enjoyed was my first trial for the Newcastle, when neither I nor anybody else knew that I could do anything: and I was learning my Horace for the next morning's saying lesson, when to my amazement the door burst open, and I was told that I was in the select. Instead of school, the next morning saw me breakfasting in the Library, prepared for *vivâ voce.* This was administered to us singly, and the passage we were asked to construe was from the Medea, ending ἓν γὰρ ἐκτενεῖ σ᾽ ἔπος. ἐκτενεῖ floored me, but my

[1] All who know Arkwright's Vale will remember, "Ramadan Oglu, Kissovo, abominably bad."

examiners were unable to lure me into the obvious trap of mistaking it for κτενεῖ. This early success was followed by a series of failures, and it was not till the fourth year, and then only because the two Captains of the year, W. C. Green and Reynolds, were summoned to King's, that I became Newcastle Scholar. In those days a vacancy at King's was filled within twenty-one days. My vacancy came just before the 4th of June, and I went up to Cambridge on the 6th, after taking part in the speeches and the supper at Surly. Old Provost Hodgson "ripped" me, if I remember right: he was then very feeble, and died in the course of the year. There was no change in the cloisters all the seven years I was at Eton. No one preached to us but the Provost and Fellows, and Samuel of Oxford at confirmation times, and Dr Hawtrey in the Catechism lectures. These were delivered from his stall, and opposite were drawn up, standing in their places, six Collegers, who answered the questions of the Catechism in turn, the parts being rehearsed beforehand; some boys were in great trepidation at hearing their single voices for the first time in church. The lecture was usually garnished with classical quotations, among which the favourite was *facilis descensus Averni* and the Lucretian

> "niti præstante labore
> ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri."

The senior fellow, Mr Bethell, always read the Commination service in a deep and sonorous voice,

and his sermons were long and tedious. To him were dedicated the lines:

> Didactic, dry, declamatory, dull,
> Big blustering Bethell bellows like a bull.

When the chapel was restored, and we had service in what was called the "Tin Tabernacle," planted in the meadow leading to Mr Luxmoore's garden, I had an opportunity of studying Mr Plumptre in the pulpit, for I was short-sighted, a great drawback for young people, and causing an amount of shyness and awkwardness for which their long-sighted brethren do not make sufficient allowance. First he carefully lifted each corner of the cushion as if he expected to find some hidden bogey, and then planting his head in his cap, he rolled his eyes, one of which was of the sort called "swivel," round the congregation. He preached two sermons on the text "whether it be to the King as supreme." And we were looking forward to the rest of the course, but he was apparently taken off, and the subject abruptly terminated. The popular form of sermon was a "cento" of texts from the Bible, often highly metaphorical, and in his praises of the young queen Mr Plumptre spoke of her "as a mother in Israel," and illustrated the peace and security which might be expected during her reign by quoting from Isaiah, "And every man shall sit in his own garden of cucumbers." Here is another. He took once for his text, ".And Peter said," following it up with the

question, "And what did Peter say?" One of his colleagues dared to suggest that the text was brief. "Thank you, sir, for your animadversion: I will bear it in mind." And the next Sunday, rolling his swivel eye from the pulpit, with humorous grimness he ejaculated, "Peter"! He was one of those eccentricities which the present age has ceased to produce, and his necktie and collars were enough to mark him as no common man. His bedroom contained two large four-posters, with scarce space to move between them. One was near the fire, one near the window, and he shifted from one to the other in winter and summer. Having been restricted to two glasses of port a day by his doctor, on being asked whether he had obeyed the prescription, he said, "Well, sir, I took the liberty of drinking all fourteen glasses at dinner on Sunday." These stories may be apocryphal, but they are highly characteristic.

The old chapel which I knew when I first came was more dignified than the present, but room was needed. It was not necessary, however, to put down encaustic tiles in place of the black and white marble slabs which have since been happily restored. A great deal of the old wood-work adorns the hall of Mr Sheridan, of Frampton Park, near Dorchester. The practice of giving bags of almonds and raisins by way of church sock by each new member of the Sixth Form to his compeers existed when I came to Eton, but had died out long before I left. The East Window was being filled while I was a boy,

and additional apostles appeared at intervals. The cost was finally disposed of, and the whole debt paid when I was Captain in 1852, and Gussy Cookesley was Captain of the Oppidans. The collection was always a grievance. A former generation had left a legacy of debt, and our admiration for the window was not great enough to make us cheerful givers.

To return to the curriculum. A great deal of labour was bestowed on saying by heart. In this way I went through the whole of the Iliad once, Horace's Satires and Epistles four times. In an ordinary week between two and three hundred lines had to be learnt, generally they had been construed in school. One hateful lesson was Greek grammar, the rules being in Latin; a book long since obsolete, but which gave Dr Okes an opportunity for one of his best puns. Travelling in Wales with another master, he had reason to complain of the high charges at some country inn. The innkeeper, whose name was Jones, complained of the hard times and high prices of articles, and Okes turning to his companion said, "Iones in auctis temporibus geminatione uti solent": a rule applying to such augmented tenses as κέκαδον, λελάθοντο. Ovid, too, we never construed in school, and rather resented it as a saying lesson. Our prose books were *Scriptores Romani*, and *Scriptores Graeci:* the latter a far better compilation than the former, including Herodotus, Thucydides, and Lucian. The selections from Livy were good, but not as a rule those from Cicero. We read no whole

books except Homer, Virgil, and Horace. Greek play was started in the tutor's pupil-room, and the Prometheus was perhaps the best choice that could be made. Translations on paper were never done in school for want of desks. Very strict masters might set a translation on Saints' days as a make-weight to the whole holiday; and there lingers in my mind a jingle, "Purification no translation," the exemption being due to the dedication of the College to the Virgin. But we calculated on its never being looked over. This was a serious blot in our education—since remedied. Construing was conducted too much on the lines of literal and grammatical translation, and little more was expected. Rumour from former days told of some masters who had a gift for translation, construing to their pupils, and collecting a crowd of admirers outside the window. *Sed haec prius fuere*, it was thought more important to force a boy to learn his lesson than to supply him with a ready-made version, however good. But the literary flavour was lost. And there was no other pabulum but classics given. Mathematics and French were extras, and had to be paid for. Mr Stephen Hawtrey had built his rotunda, since demolished, and thither I had to resort out of school hours to keep up the mathematics I had brought with me. He contrived to interest us, for he was an enthusiast, though his scholarship may be gauged by an inscription over the door—

οὐδεὶς ἀγεωμέτρητος εἰσίτω

and in order that the summer hours might not be infringed on, he opened his school at 6 A.M., and lured us by the bait of a cup of weak tea and a slice of bread and butter. By some connivance we managed to get out of College through Lower School and we found the big gates of the School Yard open. The standard of mathematics may be judged from the fact that the letter μ attached to a boy's name implied that he was initiated into the mysteries of the Fifth Proposition, and had scaled the *pons asinorum*. Harry Tarver was a very good teacher, and I learned a good deal from him :—What your father specially pays for has a special value, and this principle, which is a bond of family life, is sadly lost sight of by our modern system of free education, which puts the impersonal and ubiquitous State in the place of the parent, hounds the child to school, whether the parent wills it or not, and too often wastes his time in studies which have no bearing on his future success in life. Grandmotherly legislation is not productive of originality or formative of character. But human nature happily will rebel; you may drive her out with a fork, but she pushes her way back.

CHAPTER IX

REMINISCENCES, BY REV. E. D. STONE—*continued*

I HAVE always been grateful for the amount of leisure which we enjoyed, and the small amount of constraint which hampered our tastes. Games were not organised; there were no house-colours, and very few matches. Collegers could then play Oppidans at cricket, and win: a boy's style was not formed by strict rule, and the bowling was less deadly. But this want of science sometimes told against us. I well remember George Yonge and old Lilywhite, one swift round hand, the other slow round lobs, bowling the whole eleven for 16 (or was it even 12?) runs, the score of o's and 1's being only chequered by a hit to leg for three by Aitken mi. The great matches were well attended. I have seen Clarke deliver a half volley, and catch the ball returned to him just within reach of one hand with all the batsman's force. I have seen Mynn get a wicket by a ball that pitched within a yard of him, and wormed in its way by zigzags. Sir Frederick Bathurst we small boys used to gaze at admiringly, as he sauntered by. And we had our own heroes: Chitty and Stacey at the wicket, Arthur Coleridge

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JORDAN FROM SHEEP'S BRIDGE IN THE PLAYING-FIELDS

Looking towards Fifteen Arch Bridge and the Slough Road.

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at point. I was very fond of cricket, and a fair bowler, but never could make runs, chiefly from short sight, but also from want of teaching. I don't much remember playing in Upper Club, till I came down in a King's eleven to play against Eton. I kept the College Field, and was a decent player at my own post, flying man; but as unfortunately there was a better flying man in College, I never played in Collegers and Oppidans. Much more ill-feeling was shown in those days than at present. We lived a great deal more apart, though some Collegers were always on easy terms with the Oppidans. I remember Cheales bursting through the bully with the ball, from a spot well beyond the centre, and kicking it into calx, and Duck Philips, an Oppidan, kicking the whole distance from one calx into another.

We had to go down to football in top-hats, such was the rigour of the time. A troublesome discipline was kept up which might well have been dispensed with. The system of shirking was absolutely silly. Within the College bounds we had to wear our gowns, and leave them at a shop or on a paling when we strayed beyond; and even inside the walls of College, none but Sixth Form and Liberty were privileged to appear gownless. An epigram was set to the offender. At dinner, the Sixth Form were waited on by three servitors from among the lower boys, and the pouring out of a glass of beer with a good head was a desirable accomplishment. When the Captain called "surgite" grace was said, but not till the half-

hour struck were the Fifth Form and lower boys allowed to issue from the cloisters. They stood in a row under the archway waiting for the welcome clang which set them free. This kind of thing gradually died out, as "manners became less fierce," and culture grew more common, and boys began to ask themselves whether there was any reason for keeping up old customs except their antiquity. But with formal strictness there was a good deal of individual freedom and some of a rough sort. Beer and skittles at a country public-house was in vogue, and there was more drunkenness than in the present day. I remember a boy at six o'clock absence on Sunday, reeling about the school yard, and another sent away for contriving to get drunk one morning before 9.15 absence. Before this absence on a whole holiday (and every Tuesday was a whole holiday in a regular week), it was possible to enjoy a long "rug": no morning school disturbed it. We went to chapel at eleven and three o'clock, the theory being that we were always there, when there was no school to prevent it. This is the meaning of the stanzas in Ionica.

> They come from field, and wharf, and street,
> With dewy hair and veinèd throat,
> One floor to tread with reverent feet,
> One hour of rest for ball and boat.
>
> Like swallows gathering for their flight
> When autumn whispers, play no more,
> They check the laugh, with fancies bright
> Still hovering round the sacred floor.

Reminiscences, by Rev. E. D. Stone

When the *Lady Gloriana* anchored at last at Belle Isle, I had the honour of delivering the address composed for the occasion at Speeches, 4th June 1851.

The regular week consisted of three whole school-days, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, a whole holiday on Tuesday, a play at 4 P.M. on Thursday, and a regular Saturday. This last infliction was usually averted by a half-holiday being given. Dinner was at 1.30, school at 2, and chapel at 3 P.M. The servitors, who dined after the rest, had a unique pleasure in coming in a quarter of an hour late for school, and pleading their service. The theory of play at 4 P.M. was that the day ought to be a whole school-day, but invariably a Sixth Form exercise was discovered of sufficient merit to be sent up for play, which involved its presentation to the provost, who graciously accorded the relief. These copies formed the material for the *Musæ Etonenses.*

The art of verse-writing was sedulously cultivated; to be "sent up for good" was the prize set before us. Holiday tasks were always in verse. In this way I translated Heber's "Palestine," four hundred lines, into hexameters; Dryden's "Ode to St Cecilia," into alcaics; attempted a Greek play with choruses slavishly copied (of their metre we knew little); and, strangest of all perhaps, Milton's "Ode to the Nativity," into Greek Sapphics. All these relics of the past I have still. The fragments of Sappho occurred in the Poetæ Græci, but in a crude state, and these were our only guide. Occasionally original subjects

were set, as "Divisæ arboribus patriæ," where the Georgics came in useful, or "Egypt." One boy ended up his copy with "nunc regnat Mehemet Ali." Once only I was sent up for English verse, a shameless imitation of Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," which Hawtrey read out with due emphasis in Upper School. It was the custom then that the Head Master should read out sent-up copies to the division which contained the writer, and they were let out of school for the purpose a quarter of an hour before the time. It was therefore no great penance to be summoned to hear a schoolfellow's performance. Sometimes the whole school was assembled, when some flagrant breach of discipline which reflected on the general character of the boys was brought before the Head Master. One of these occasions was a memorable one. Some boys had been detected "toodling" ducks in Upton Park, and Hawtrey as the culprits would not give themselves up, summoned the school to judgment. He began somewhat in this way; *τοιαῦτα*, as Thucydides says.

"In the centre of the great Metropolis, there is a park frequented by denizens of the lowest purlieus of the city, containing a large piece of ornamental water, on which specimens of rare aquatic fowl disport themselves in *parfect* security. Within a hundred miles of the largest seminary in the known world, there is a pond, the tenants of which, a few harmless ducks, were assailed ruthlessly by some boys drawn from the highest grades of society, who disgraced

both themselves and the school which educated them, by such an act of senseless barbarity." In some such language as this did Dr Hawtrey drive the lesson home. His harangues were often interrupted by the opening of the door at the other end of Upper School, so contrived as to elicit the shout, "Shut that door." We all respected Hawtrey in spite of his eccentricities: he had the grand manner, and the sweeping bow with which he greeted parents, it mattered not of what degree, his cap removed in no perfunctory way, was a reminiscence of a bygone age. What if he affected a blue frock-coat with a velvet collar, when he went up to London, and came into school one day, his grey hairs shot with purple and green in the endeavour by aid of some marvellous hair-dye to rejuvenate himself and mock the approaches of age? Such eccentricities perhaps only endeared him to us the more. What so ingratiating as a foible? He is worthy to take his place among the six great Head Masters, all of whom he preceded. He was a man of some European reputation, and once meeting me at Eton after I had left, he said, "Come to lunch; I have Von Ranke staying with me;" and I was introduced to the great historian, whose greatness at the time I hardly realised, a small dark man with russet cheeks. History was not my forte. I was never taught, and only plagued with dry records of Greek and Roman history written by Keightley. Only when I became Sixth Form was the wonderland opened. Sir Edward Creasy came down

and delivered lectures on the Feudal system. The man and his manner at once attracted me; he might, and did habitually pronounce "Dauphin" "Dofan," and the subject has its dry side; but he succeeded entirely in chaining my attention, and I have the notes I took, carefully written out to this day. When as a master I had to teach myself, I had to learn piecemeal; but I cannot flatter myself that I produced the same impression. I was always only a sciolist. Macaulay had not yet "swum into my ken." My tutor recommended Hallam, gave it me as a prize, but I was soon disheartened. I read a great deal of poetry, and was in at the death of the blatant beast, while still an Eton boy. I used to read Shakespeare with a friend of mine, who in many ways became a monitor, and checked frivolities. I never played cards, because they were forbidden, and I was almost priggishly, as I now think, law-abiding; but whole evenings were devoted to backgammon, and I was an adept at "knucks." Does the modern boy indulge in this fascinating game? Does he get as much pleasure as I did out of the mysteries of "dibbs," "pepper-box," "fingers," and "sweeps"? The College cook was requisitioned for knuckle bones, and the smaller the better; and as mutton was the only diet, except on Sundays, when we had roast beef, and even plum-pudding (no pudding or pie graced the board on week-days), the natural craving for sweet things had to be gratified at our own expense. Once the incautious tip of a sovereign was expended at

Knox's on ices, at the rate of a shilling a day, it being a moot point whether Mr Knox gave more for three fourpenny ices, or for two sixpenny. I hope I socked friends on these occasions. The wall purveyed to our needs ; some vendors were allowed inside, others excluded. Bryan should have made a fortune with his small glasses of cherry jam dashed with cream, at fourpence. Levi and Jobey Joel were, I think, outsiders. Spankay was welcome everywhere, with his tin slung on his arm. I have heard it questioned, but I believe myself to be the author of the parody, "Totaque tartiferis Spanchaia pinguis ahenis."

Poor old Spankay! Le Marchant his real name was ; and when I was a master, as I was just getting ready for a trip one summer holidays, I was told M. Le Marchant wanted to come and say good-bye. He was going off "emeritus" at last to his property in the Isle of Wight. But his manner at once told the sad tale. His mind and his occupation had gone together. It is a hard trial to a veteran to resign his life-long occupation, as has been proved many a time. The shop now known as Little Brown's existed in my boyhood as it is now. It was kept by Joe Grove, who was always called Joe Heath, because that was the name of his predecessor ; but when Joe Brown succeeded him, the tradition had died out. I can just remember Mrs Hatton keeping a small shop, now swept away to make room for the memorial building, but long after her time it stood

as an appanage of Drury's. Her shop used to be on the Slough Road, and when that went, she took refuge in this small nook. In a room above the shop, Pop was held. Her memory is enshrined in the parody :

> Maid of Hatton's, ere we part,
> Give me one more currant tart.

The sign of the Christopher still swung over the house, afterwards turned into a master's house, and still used as such. Charley Wise's yard, too, is a thing of the past. "Cellar" actually was a cellar. Of the shops in Eton Street, few belong to their original owners. There were fewer tailors. Where Walls lives now was a small tailor, named Turnock, who had a largish room behind his establishment. Here by some special favour I was invited to a dramatic performance given by Collegers—"Bombastes," and "Box and Cox." Box and Cox were represented by Arthur Coleridge and Frank Tarver. Wayte, afterwards a master, was Mrs Bouncer. "Wait," said the programme, "till you see her." All the details of this performance, which to me was a perfect novelty, are imprinted on my memory. The orchestra was supplied by Jack Joel, then a young man, who sang in a cracked voice to the accompaniment of his fiddle, "Three Jolly Huntsmen." When I first came, College songs were rather in vogue ; but the supper in Chamber which should have accompanied them was promptly stopped by Abraham. "Here's

a Health to the Blacksmith" was a favourite melody, in which Hawtrey figured under the name, slightly disguised by Thackeray in the "Rose and the King," as Dr Prugnaro. Keate was still remembered as the Baffin. "Three Jolly Postboys" was sung lustily by boys who had no intention whatever of emulating the example of those Bacchic heroes; and we felt the swirl of the waves, as

> Three times round went our gallant ship,
> And three times round went she,
> And three times round went our gallant ship
> And sank to the bottom of the sea, the sea, the sea,
> And sank to the bottom of the sea.

But this kind of thing went on more lustily in old Chamber. Many were wroth at the change. "We hated," says a contemporary, "the whole concern, and the transition from a wild to a mild *régime*." Long Chamber is described as an abode of blissful rowdyism. It was itself a theatre, there was no necessity to hire Turnock's room for the display of dramatic art. But Abraham's wisdom made the change more bearable to the roystering element, and things settled down. Time hung a little heavy on our hands in the Lent term; there were no beagles, and when I first came no fives-walls except those furnished by the chapel buttresses. But the game on the middle wall was often an arena for first-rate skill. It is connected in my memory with Whymper and Arthur Coleridge. A ring of

spectators would gather round before eleven o'clock school; the necessity of springing off the wall from time to time was a feature of the game. Four new fives-walls were built while I was at school, to which others have since been added, on the Eton Wick Road. They were inaugurated with solemn pomp. Addresses in Latin prose and verse were delivered, a copy of which still exists in my possession; we thought the parody on the Greek epigram a happy one.

> *Τέσσαρες ἦσαν ἀγῶνες ἐν Ἑλλάδι· τοῖς δ' ἀπ' Ἐτώνης*
> *μὴ μέμψῃ παριών, πεμπτὸς ὅδ' ἐστὶν ἀγών.*

And the feat described in the lines

> "nunc leniter ire sub ipsis
> parietibus rapidaque incautum fallere dextra"

was especially appropriate to the middle wall game. We had paper-chases, and the Upton ditches, then much fouler than now, gave unlimited opportunities for getting in a filthy mess. We penetrated the neighbourhood, and took country walks. It was possible even to reach Burnham Beeches on foot; but this could only be accomplished by shirking Hall, and Sixth Form and Liberty were free themselves, and able to give leave to one other boy. Bread and cheese and beer in a little public at Burnham, supplied dinner. This could only be done on whole school-days, because otherwise there was absence at 2.15, in order to ensure a boy's presence

at that meal. And it was felt, I suppose, to be rather too hard a trial of a Dame's virtue to require her to furnish a list of those who shirked. We Collegers all had Dames, and spent our days at their houses, when we were staying out. In case of serious illness we slept there, otherwise we went back to College. No rooms in College were set apart in those days for sick boys, and there was no matron. We were not taken so much care of, but somehow we throve.

We had to amuse ourselves, and were far more fully our own masters, even when the Saturnalia of Long Chamber were brought to a close. Bathing went on in the summer half, not only at Boveney Weir, Athens, and Cuckoo Weir, but also at Upper Hope, and this continued long after I returned as a master; but Bargeman's was, I think, put an end to while I was at Eton. It was at the point where the Cuckoo Weir stream rejoins the river, close to the towing path, and full in public view, in spite of palings. But it must be remembered that the public did not frequent the banks as they do now, and we had the river much more fully to ourselves. Punting was allowed in those early days, but stopped when it was found that it led to the consumption of beer and tobacco in the back-waters. I took to punting, and was sorry for the prohibition. We had punting sweepstakes in College, and the race was most exciting. In most boat races the victory is soon decided; but in punting, accidents will

occur which change the features of the race. It was considered the correct style in those days to run the whole length of the punt with your pole, and then back again; and the result was that eager competitors were apt in their zeal to be carried beyond the end of the punt, and plunged in the stream. The Fourth of June was celebrated much in the same way as at present, the fireworks being in the eyot above bridge: their shifting to the present spot is quite modern. On Election Saturday the same programme was repeated; and Collegers stayed on Monday and Tuesday, and if they lived at a distance could not start home till Wednesday. Elaborate dinners were given in Hall, and were preceded by "tasting dinners" in the month of July, in order to see whether the College cook was an artiste sufficient for the great occasion. Then the great tapestry was hung, and remained all the rest of the school-time—burnt alas! in the fire which occurred in the Brewer's Yard, 1865. We disliked these tasting dinners, because they cut off half an hour of "after twelve," beginning at 1.30, and were not quite consoled by the passing round of a loving cup of spiced ale. The elaborate Latin grace was chanted, and a chapter of Job was read from a Latin Bible resting on the frame close to the oriel window, by one of the Sixth Form. Our elders feasted, and our dinner was still the monotonous mutton, soon consumed; and there we had to sit for a full hour. On Election Monday and Tuesday we were regaled with

THE COLLEGE DINING HALL

BEHIND the figure of the butler and below the bracket was the frame on which the Latin Bible rested.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

chickens and ducks, and currant tarts, to console us for being kept back. On Wednesday morning at an early hour, a fly took me to Slough (Windsor was not yet reached by the G.W.R., and we saw with some dismay the hideous viaduct grow, with its arches cutting us off from the free view of the country beyond), and from Slough the train took me to Bath, and the coach from Bath to Dorchester, a long day's journey diversified by rain. Some other boys who travelled with me refreshed themselves largely on the way, and some ladies, with whom I sheltered myself from the rain in the inside, were anxious to assure themselves before I was let in that I had not shared these orgies. It was possible to reach Eton from Dorchester by taking the coach to Southampton or Andover Road (now Micheldever), but that involved a night in London, which if seasoned by the pantomime was not altogether unwelcome. We were never in a great hurry: they were spacious days, and within certain limits freedom was the rule. We had time to pronounce words in full; we did not say "burry" for "bureau," nor "brolly" for "umbrella," still less were we so impatient of variety as to substitute "footer" for "football."

When I first came tail-coats were worn, and "going into tails" was no figure of speech. Even such a relic of Montem survived as a green tail-coat, worn regularly by a boy who distinguished himself afterwards as the first senior wrangler produced by Eton. But Montem was no more. Only on

the first recurrence of the Whit Tuesday, which should have seen "Montem," the old red flag was hung out of one of the windows of Upper School, looking into the School Yard. It acted as a red rag on the boys. Absence was going on at 9.15 as usual, and my father and mother, who had come down to get me leave for the day, were standing with me till absence was over to make their request. Then from outside the school yard came the sound of a crashing of glass. The windows of Upper School became a wreck, and when my father came forward to ask leave, Hawtrey said, "I have seen your boy with you all the time, and I know he took no part in this disgraceful business; he shall have leave, but I shall give no more leave to-day." Long leave, if it existed then, was not a regular thing. I never had leave to sleep away from school all the time I was at Eton. The Winchester and Harrow matches were in the holidays.

I am not "laudator temporis acti," I gather what crumbs I can from a feast which is more fully enjoyed by my successors. And the biggest asset is, that I think we were more independent. Whether we always used that independence well, is another matter. In religious matters we certainly were left much more to ourselves, but we brought traditions from home, which helped to keep us straight. The impression made on boys by confirmation varied greatly; much depended on the tutor. My tutor gave us Bishop Wilson's manual, and as I had been

brought up to admire him, it fitted my mood. It was a great pleasure to me many years after to see in the Bishop's Palace at Man his teapot and spectacles religiously preserved. He is still my ideal of what a prelate should be. At my elbow was the friend and monitor of whom I spoke above, a boy of sterling goodness and indomitable perseverance, who showed his pluck by hiring a piano, and getting up at 6 o'clock A.M. to practice, being convinced that everything must be a matter of energetic appliance; but he never could play the simplest tune correctly. One of my boyish recollections is a pilgrimage to Harrow Weald, on St John Baptist's Day, where a Mr Monro had established a sort of collegiate school. We walked from Hanwell through Harrow, and were entertained, and inscribed our name in the visitors' book, and then on to Chelsea, where his father lived. We were both Sixth Form, but Hawtrey made a special favour of allowing us to go on our own hook, and not straight to my friend's father. As Sixth Form, we had imbibed something of the spirit of Arnold's prefects, and considered we had a duty towards Oppidans as well as Collegers. Yes; there was a touch of priggishness in that, and I will end these random recollections with a reminiscence which had its amusing side. One of my colleagues had somehow earned a reputation for licking Oppidans in the seclusion of his room for some offence against discipline. Needless to say it was perfectly mythical; but so strong was the belief

that one afternoon directly after chapel, a flood of boys poured into Weston's Yard, and invaded the sacred precincts of College. They came to search my friend's room in the hope of catching him *in flagrante delicto.* He meanwhile was quietly reading the paper in Pop. But it so happened that I who saw the irruption from my window had at that very time a small Oppidan in my room, with whom I was gently remonstrating on bad behaviour in church. I have sometimes wondered whether this fact had become known, and the fury of the mob had been only misdirected. I once or twice had in virtue of my office as Captain to "lick" offenders against public discipline; but nothing could be more tame than the result. I only hurt my knuckles with the buttons of a stout pea-jacket.

CHAPTER X

COLLEGE IN 1900

I AM spared the trouble of writing any detailed account of life in College during my time, as it has already been written by my contemporary, C. H. M.; his *Recollections of an Eton Colleger* contains a mass of accurate detail about institutions, customs, and people which will be very valuable to future generations. For changes have arisen already; the new bursar—at least he was new in our time—and the fire at Mr Kindersley's house have brought many outward alterations to the food and the buildings; while a change of master in College has naturally had a considerable influence on the inner life of the community. Electric light throughout College has involved the abolition of candles, which we received in small doles and eked out with a private supply; and with candles it has probably abolished Tolly Flarum, the melting of candle-ends in the big shovel over Chamber fire, the bursting flare when the flames reach them, and the heroic incense. Ages seem to have passed over my head since I inhaled that stifling fragrance, or the still more unpleasant cloud

of dusty steam which arose from "Chamber stink" —water thrown on the fire by way of emptying the mug which always stood on the table with a jug of water fetched from the pump in the cloisters. How long is it since some adventurous spirits started a store for the selling of delicacies and necessaries with paper money at ten lepta to a penny: since the Captain of the School "worked off" the whole of Chamber for having a nocturnal firework display (an umbrella and numberless sheets were ruined by vagrant squibs) on our first Fifth of November: since we fags were employed for whole evenings supplying the combatants in a great water-fight with cans filled and refilled and always empty; evenings when the battle raged in upper passage, till all the water had trickled, nay cascaded, through the gratings, and then was resumed in lower passage, with unabated vigour? Those were Homeric nights; a glamour hangs over them; the bright blazers and hurrying half-clad figures of those whom we regarded as divinities, the crash of baths and rattle of cans down stone staircases, the weltering confusion of the heroes, like demigods contending with a waterspout —they were rare moments of exaltation for us henchmen. The awe with which small boys look up to big boys, and the personal enthusiasm with which they regard the doings of their fag-masters, live in my memory; there was an epic nobility about those great men, whose rooms were ablaze with coveted caps and ribbons and scarves, who took off their

boots and stockings sitting in the passage, and talking as only warriors can talk, while the mud crusted their armour and stained, like the brains of some shattered Hector, their Achillean knees. Who can ever forget those winter afternoons, when some scratch eleven had played the field-game against College, and lock-up was at five? Rooms, baths, hot water to be found for all the visitors; frantic preparations for a sock-supper in Sixth Form passage; small figures flitting through the dusk to Little Brown's or Rowland's for provisions; the steaming atmosphere all through College, significant of a hundred baths, the bustle, the shouting from one room to another, the clatter of heavy football boots flung from tired feet into the corner, the scraping of armchairs collected from all directions for the banquet, and the rush for more knives or forks at the command of some Olympic feaster? Those are the evenings I love to recall, with the echoing choruses and tumbling and chair-throwing and laughter. I can smell the fillets of sole and the eggs and bacon as the greasy paper covers were raised from the royal dishes; I can see the disorder of the finished meal, and hear the thunder of feet turning the corner by the letter-box in pursuit of the fugitive and nimble F——. Let him who walked across Weston's Yard at such a moment, say if the lighted windows, the clamour of voices, and the full-toned refrain of "Balm in Gilead" betrayed the cloistered scholars and their midnight oil rather than the huge revelry of heroic footballers.

Yet Eton in the summer half has more delicate claims on memory; she binds us with very pleasant chains and garlands, and the scent of each flower suggests a different scene; a dilatory College game on a poor wicket, while the players wait for the College clock to strike half-past one and promise a quick release; more energetic games in Lower Sixpenny, Upper Sixpenny, Lower Club (O arid Agar's Plough, would that Orpheus could lead some of the elms from the playing-fields to give shade to your parched cricketers!), Middle Club, Second Upper Club; what sound is more soothing than that of bat and ball, the lazy gush of water at Sheep's Bridge, the drone of a mowing machine in the distance, and the occasional rattle of a train over the railway bridge! To lie in the long grass and watch a school match, or to stroll through Upper Club on Sunday evenings, or to slip from the glare of sunlight into the cool echoing cloisters, where thirsty cricketers clatter round Cloister Pump on their way to absence in School Yard—these are lingering sensations. Then again more vigorous enjoyments; tea at Poet's Walk, in the shade by the swirling river, the habitual throwing of bread and the gradual return to Second Upper Club; or better still, tea at Rowland's in the garden at the back, with fillet of sole, and strawberry messes and iced coffee, and the walk down to rafts and the sight of toiling wet-bobs as they struggle past Brocas Clump; even that ridiculous function, lock-up parade, is a pleasant memory, no less than

THE CLOISTERS

OUTSIDE, on the left, is the "Green Yard" or Cloister Quadrangle. On the right is the staircase leading to the College Hall and Library. As familiar a sight as the cricketer in the summer half is the thirsty footballer in the autumn twilight, on his way through to lock-up, drinking at the Cloister Pump.

the visit to Solomon before chapel to get our hats "lushed." But places and incidents are less memorable than persons; the recognised characters, Porter Blake and the Ratter and the various "Jobeys," not to mention those who are distinctly connected with College; tutors and masters whom the hand itches to describe with critical good-humour; and all the boys with whom one came in contact, in College and outside, wet-bobs and dry-bobs, saps and bloods. If such reminiscences could be written with that amount of detail which the general reader would require in order to have a picture in his mind, the catalogue would contain many curious types, and many still more curious "originals," from that flat-footed, yellow-haired denizen of Top Tower, whose business it was to eat scolloped prawns at Little Brown's, and to teach the master in College that he was not master of College, and whose amusement it was to explore the by-paths and purlieus of Latin literature and High Church ritual, down to that not dissimilar wicket-keeper, who was so great a favourite in Lower Club for his good heart and his amiable contempt of the "keepers," to whom all others bowed in zealous deference.

The heart warms at the thought of all those dear friends who are now scattered over the face of the earth; and it must be frankly confessed that quite half of them are Oppidans. So much has been said and written about that odd production of the last ten years, the Colleger-Oppidan, that there is no need to

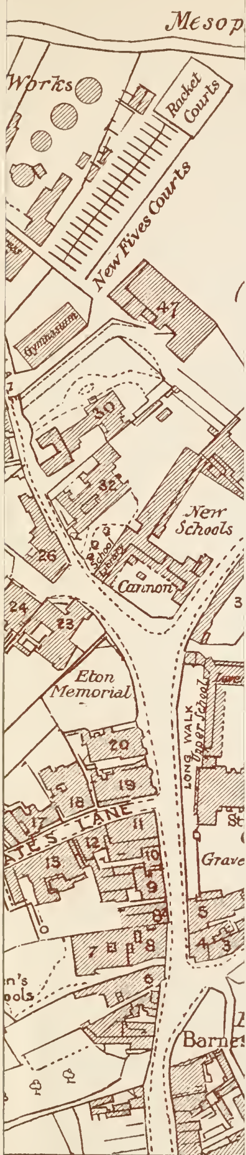
trace the development of the species. Sixty years ago, Collegers and Oppidans at the top of the school had very much in common; time was that half Pop consisted of "tugs," and College often had four or five boys playing cricket at Lords. College Sixth Form held a far more important position than it does now, both in New Buildings and in relation to the rest of the school. But the smaller "tugs" had little connection with their Oppidan contemporaries. In my father's time they were the butt of Oppidan bullies; in my time the fags in Chamber would often find the bottom of the staircase thronged and blocked by lower boys, who would clutch their gowns or knock their books out of their hands amid a storm of witticisms; but Fourth Form Passage was practically the only scene of hostility. We soon made friends with the Oppidans in our division, and if we played cricket in school games (as opposed to College games) or were wet-bobs, we were accepted without any ill-feeling by the others. Robin Lubbock was perhaps one of the pioneers of the movement—he was the first, anyhow, in my experience—and his successors have nearly always managed to steer a moderate course between exclusive friendships among Collegers and among Oppidans; in fact, to turn the tables, one might accuse many Oppidans of "tuggerising."

One of the corners of Eton where queer friendships may be formed, is that shapeless little cabin which to us was always "Little Brown's," as opposed to the many other Eton Browns, and especially "Brown's

down town," where Emily presided. There is not space here to record the various moments when Little Brown's relieved the weary body and cheered the weary mind; for any discursive treatment would reveal me an *habitué*. Perhaps we "socked" too much, and with something of a gambler's anxiety eked out our last sixpence among the dainties. But it is all past now, and the school has bought up the shop and Phœbe no longer presides, nor any longer does Mrs Jefferies loom in the background, threatening to bring down Mr Jefferies if we are not more quiet. In those days College provided no sustenance for the body before early school, and a few of us used to slip out at twenty or twenty-five minutes past seven in the twilight winter mornings, and leaving our gowns on the pegs in School Yard, hurry to that warm paradise to drink a cup of hot coffee and eat one or two hot buns, dripping with luscious butter. He of the Top Tower, whom I have mentioned above, was generally present, his favourite seat being in the left-hand corner as you enter; and so seductive was the fare that we were generally late for school; the terrible risk was that of meeting our division master as we were going to Little Brown's and he was going into school. At this early "salon" there were many Oppidans, a heterogeneous collection from those few houses where the ante-school fare was unsatisfying; they were mostly small boys, probably because increasing age made early rising more uncongenial, even with so alluring a bribery. O steaming coffee-

cup, O succulent bun! Many a time have I bartered my breakfast "order" for you when my pockets were empty; many a time have I got a poena because though the half-hour had struck, I called for a second bun. But never, never will I utter a word of regret or reproach.

Of school hours the less said the better; the droning voices, the momentous appearance of Sixth Form Præpostor, or, still more imposing, of the Head in cap and gown; sleepy afternoons of classical French with the door open, and stray glimpses of men passing across Cannon Yard to the Orderly Room; it is all very dim and remote now, and unsuitable for the pen of one whose head was ever on his elbow, whose lesson was never prepared. Of chapel too, and of pupil-room; of the great events, Fourth of June, Winchester match, St Andrew's Day, the old Queen's birthday, her funeral, royal visits; and of those two with whom I messed, I would speak, "memor actæ non alio rege puertiæ, mutatæque simul togæ." But such memories are better unexpressed. We of Eton need not be reminded, and among those of other schools we have a reputation for talking over much of our *alma mater;* but she still claims the devotion of her sons, who enjoyed her bounty in this century as much as those of fifty years ago. College will always be the same; its traditions are far too venerable to yield in essentials to the march of progress; *floreat, florebit,* is no idle boast.



N," BY E. D. BRINTON A

KEY TO NUMBERS.

Head Master, Revd. the Hon. Edward LYTTELTON, M.A.
34 *Lower Master*, Francis Hay RAWLINS, M.A.

Assistant Masters.

10 Leonard TODD, M.A., *Math.*
Hugh Michael BLAND, M.A., *French.*
2 *Revd. Henry Thomas BOWLBY, M.A., *Class.*
3 Charles Howard ALLCOCK, M.A., *Math.*
4 Revd. Francis Granville CHANNON, M.A., *Math.*
5 *Philip Vere BROKE, B.A., *Math.*
6 *William Douglas EGGAR, M.A., *Science.*
7 *Hugh MACNAGHTEN, M.A., *Class.*
8 Revd. George Jameson CHITTY, M.A., *Class.*
8a John Foster CRACE, M.A., *Class.*
Revd. Charles Robert Loraine McDOWALL, M.A., *Class.*
†Aymer William WHITWORTH, M.A., *Class.*
9 *Lionel Stanley Rice BYRNE, M.A., *German and French.*
11 *Cyril Mowbray WELLS, B.A., *Class.*
13 *Allen Beville RAMSAY, M.A., *Class.*
Jean Philippe Auguste CUVELIER, *French.*
14 *Herbert Francis William TATHAM, M.A., *Class.*
16 *Reginald Saumarez de HAVILLAND, M.A., *Math.*
17 William Sidney Vernon EVANS, *Drawing.*
18 *John Maximilian DYER, M.A., *Math.*
19 *Clarence Henry Kennett MARTEN, M.A., *History.*
20 *Hugh de HAVILLAND, M.A., F.L.S., *Science.*
23 *Henry BROADBENT, M.A., *Class.*
24 *Arthur Murray GOODHART, M.A., Mus. Bac., *Class.*
25 *John Hugh Montague HARE, M.A., *Class.*
Thomas Cunningham PORTER, M.A., D.Sc., F.C.S., F.R.A.S., F.Ph.S.Lond., M.R.I., F.R.P.S., *Science.*
26 *Edward Wellington STONE, M.A., *Class.*
27 Samuel Gurney LUBBOCK, M.A., *Class.*
Alfred Edward CONYBEARE, M.A., *Math.*
Geoffrey Wycliffe HEADLAM, B.A., *Class. and History.*
28 *Philip WILLIAMS, M.A., *Math. and German.*
29 *Hubert BRINTON, M.A., *Class.*
30 *Matthew Davenport HILL, M.A., F.Z.S., *Science, and Keeper of the Museum.*
32 *Ernest Lee CHURCHILL, B.A., *Class.*
33 *Richard Stephen KINDERSLEY, M.A., *Class.*
35 Algernon Cockburn RAYNER-WOOD, M.A., *Class., French and German.*
Thomas Frank CATTLEY, M.A., *Class.*
Paul SCOONES, M.A., *Math.*
Reymond Hervey de MONTMORENCY, M.A., *French, German and Spanish.*
Edward Vere SLATER, M.A., *Class.*
Philippe Cosme Henri de SATGÉ, B. ès L., *French.*
John Chaloner CHUTE, B.A., *Math.*
Noel Roy Dalcour TENNANT, M.A., *French and German.*
John CHRISTIE, B.A., F.C.S., *Science.*
37 Charles Harford LLOYD, M.A., Mus. Doc., *Musical Instructor.*
Gustav MORSCH, A. of Cologne, *Assistant Musical Instructor.*
38 *Arthur Conolly Gage HEYGATE, M.A., *Class.*
39 *Annesley Ashworth SOMERVILLE, M.A., *Math. and French.*
41 *Robert Penrice Lee BOOKER, M.A., F.S.A., *Class.*
42 Archibald Magee McNEILE, M.A., *Math.*
44 Revd. Charles Oliver BEVAN, M.A., *Class.*
Clement James Melliah ADIE, M.A., *French and German.*
Lionel Bethell Trenchard CHAFFEY, M.A., *French and German.*
Frederick Eden ROBESON, M.A., *Class., French and German.*
47 *Edward Littleton VAUGHAN, M.A., *Class.*
Cuthbert Harold BLAKISTON, M.A., *Class.*
Arthur Charles SHEEPSHANKS, B.A., *Class.*
William HOPE-JONES, B.A., *Math.*
Francis Robinson Gladstone DUCKWORTH, M.A., *Class.*
Hon. George William LYTTELTON, B.A., *Class.*
48 *Edward IMPEY, M.A., *Class.*
49 Francis Wellesley DOBBS, M.A., *Math.*
William Theodore Douglas BODKIN, M.A., *Math.*
50 Vivian Le Neve FOSTER, M.A., *Math.*

Italian Master, Signor F. de ASARTA.

* *Masters holding Boarding Houses.* † *Master in College.*

The above numbers refer to the Plan of the College published in the Eton Calendar.

—Plan of—
ETON COLLEGE

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SKETCH MAP ACCOMPANYING "ETON," BY E. D. BRINTON AND CHRISTOPHER STONE (A. & C. BLACK, LONDON).

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